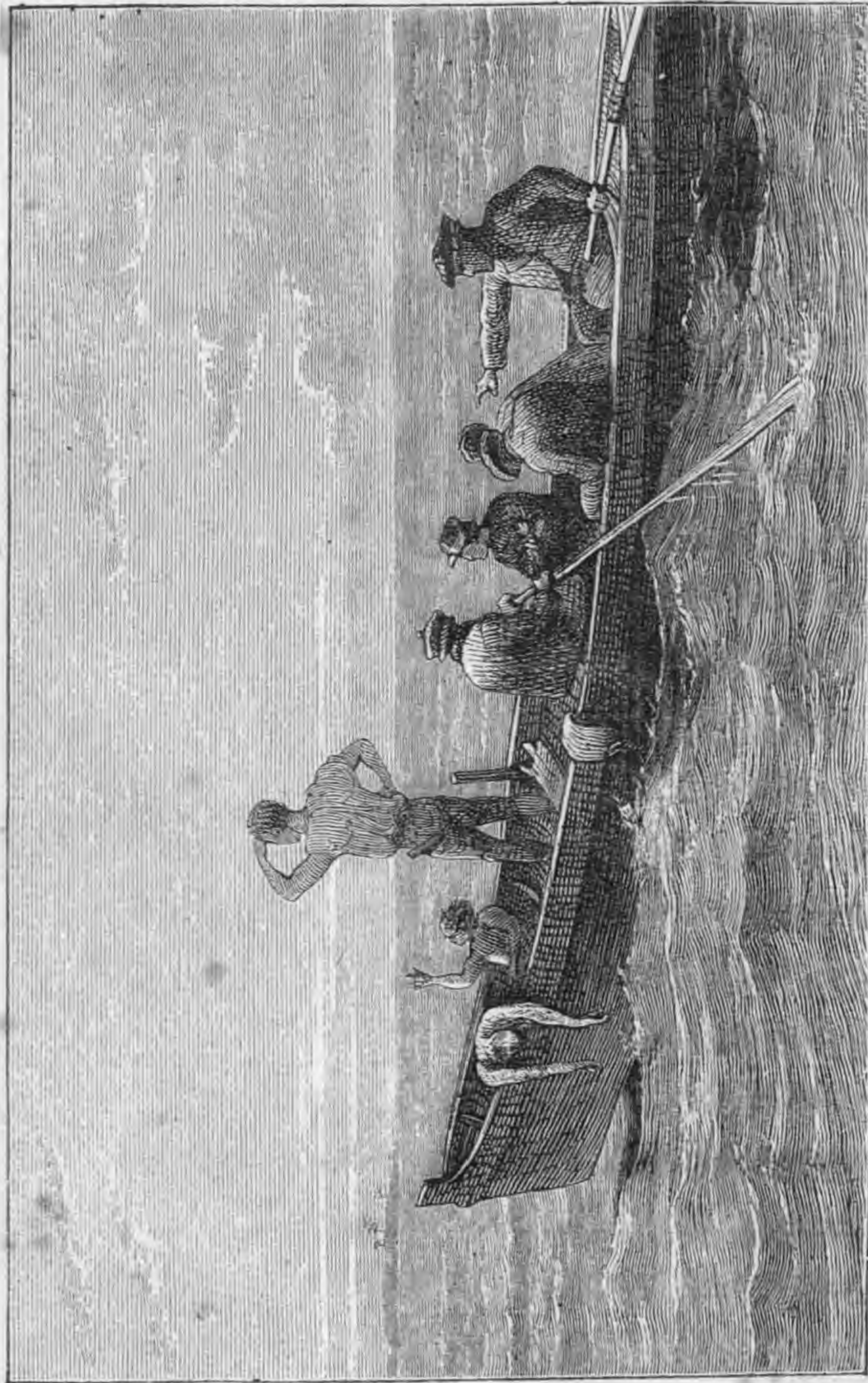




THE
VOYAGE OF THE "STEADFAST;"
OR, THE
Young Missionaries in the Pacific.

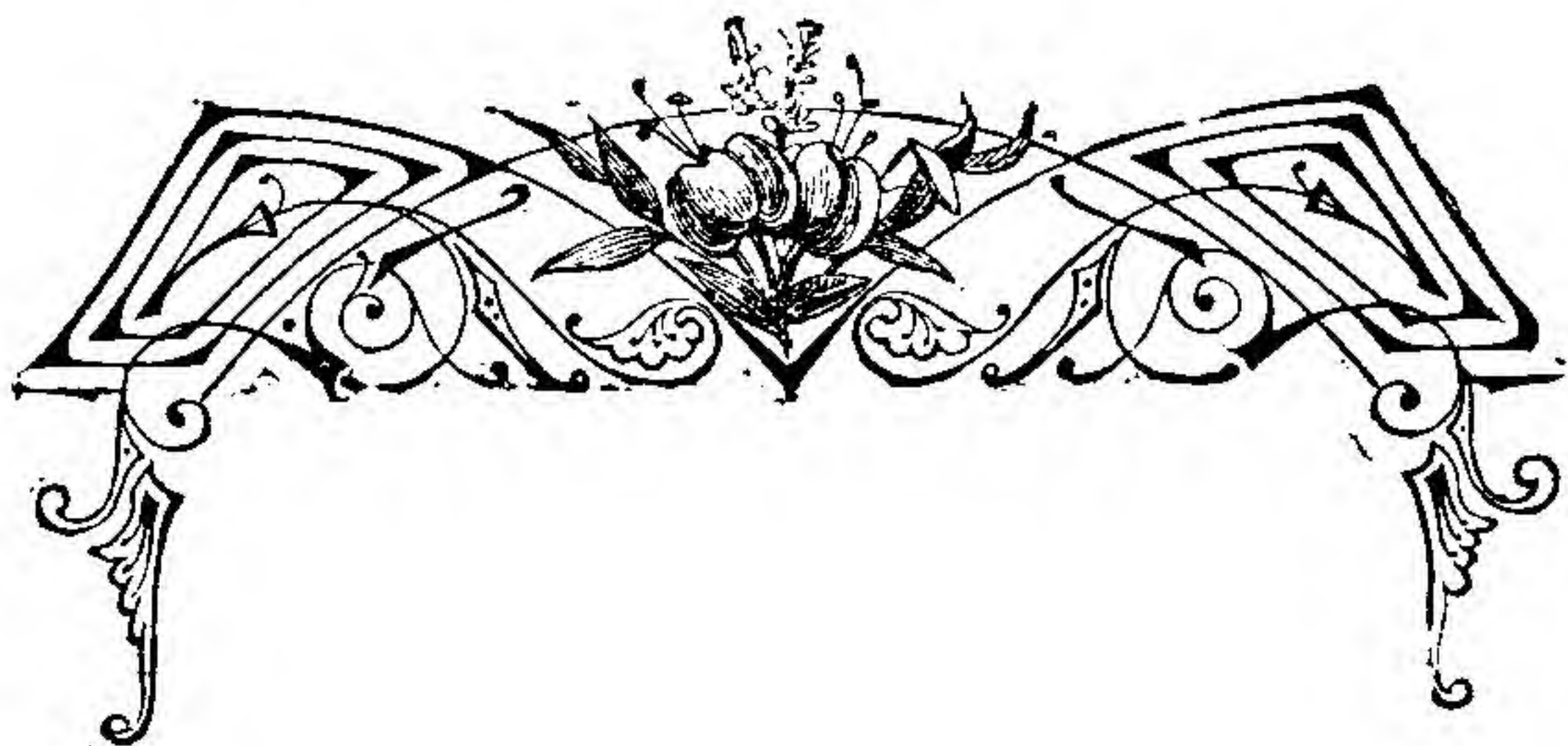
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LAND AT LAST !

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THE VOYAGE OF THE "STEADFAST."

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN GRAYBROOK'S HOME.

A HEAVY gale was blowing, which shook the windows of the little drawing-room in which Mrs. Graybrook and her daughter Hannah were seated at their work.

Their cottage was situated close to the sea on the north coast of Wales, so that from it, on a clear day, many a tall ship bound for Liverpool, or sailing from that port, could be seen through the telescope which stood ever ready pointed across the water.

A lamp burning on the table, for it was night, shed its light on the comely features and matronly figure of the elder lady, as she

busily plied her needle, while it showed that those of Hannah, a fair and interesting-looking girl just growing into womanhood, were unusually pale. Every now and then she unconsciously let her work drop on her lap while, with her eyes turned towards the window and lips apart, she seemed to be listening for some sound which her mother's ear had not noticed.

A glance into the little room might have shown why both mother and daughter should feel anxious when tempests were raging and the sea was tossing with angry waves.

The mantel-piece was ornamented with some beautiful branches of coral, several large and rare shells, and two horns of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, fixed against the wall, and above it was the picture of a ship under all sail, with boats hoisted up along her sides, and flags flying at her mastheads and peak. On the top of a bookcase stood the perfect model of a vessel; another part of the wall was adorned with Indian bows and spears and clubs, arranged in symmetrical order; while one side of the room was hung with pictures, in which boats in chase of the mighty monsters of the deep formed the chief subjects, or which represented scenes on the coasts of far-distant lands.

Hannah had more than once risen and gone to the window, across which—for the weather was still warm—the curtain had only partially been drawn.

Another fierce blast shook the whole house.

"Oh, mother, what a dreadful night it is!"

she exclaimed, at length. "I fancied I heard the sound of a distant gun; it must come from some ship in distress. What can she do if embayed off our shore in this terrific gale?"

Mrs. Graybrook looked up from her work.

"I was thinking, my child, how thankful we should be that the *Steadfast* has long ago been far away from this. Your father and Harry are enjoying, I hope, smooth seas and gentle breezes, and may such, I pray, follow them wherever they go."

"I trust that they are, mother; but still I cannot help feeling anxious on such a night as this, with the wind howling and raging round us, when I think in what condition a ship must be placed, exposed on the wild sea to its fury."

"Your father has often said that he cares little for the heaviest gale, provided he has plenty of sea-room; and a better-found ship and stauncher crew than his, he declares, does not sail out of the port of Liverpool."

"I know that he has great faith in the *Steadfast's* good qualities; but even the finest ship may meet with accidents; and oh, how many are the dangers she must have to run before she returns home!" said Hannah, with a sigh.

"Your father is a careful navigator, my dear, and he has vigilant officers. His first mate is a tried hand, and he considers Leonard Champion, his second mate, young as he is, an excellent seaman and fully capable of taking

charge of a ship; he hopes, indeed, to get him the command of one when he returns, though he would be sorry to lose him."

"I know that, mother; and I am wrong to express my fears," answered Hannah. "Still I cannot help feeling for the poor seamen who may be battling with the tempest to-night; and that makes me more anxious, perhaps, about those who are far away, and of the dangers to which they may be exposed. Surely there was another gun!"

She again went to the window, and, throwing it open, looked out into the darkness. The fierce wind coming in made the curtains flutter, and almost blew out the lamp.

"I saw the flash of a gun, mother. It is in the direction of those dark rocks which lift their heads above the water!" exclaimed Hannah. "Ah! I heard the sound also. There is another flash! They must have come from some unfortunate ship. Perhaps she is already on the rocks. Can any boat venture out to her assistance in a storm like this? I will shut the window directly, mother," she added, looking round, and trying to catch the fluttering curtains.

Again she looked out. "I cannot be mistaken!" she exclaimed, the tone of her voice showing her anxiety. "There is another gun. The ship must be in fearful peril! Can nothing be done to help the poor people?"

Mrs. Graybrook, convinced that Hannah was right in her conjecture, came to the window,

and mother and daughter stood gazing out for some minutes, and trying to penetrate the thick gloom which hung over the wild, tempestuous sea raging below them.

A fiercer blast than before, which drove the rain and spray against their faces, compelled them to close the window; yet Hannah could not withdraw herself from it, for she still caught an occasional flash, and could distinguish the roar of the guns even amidst the howling of the wind.

“What help can we render to them?” she again asked.

“We may give them aid—all the aid which we have the power to give,” said Mrs. Graybrook, placing her work on the table. “We can pray for them as we pray for those who are far away.”

“I never cease to pray for those dear ones, mother, morning and evening, and every hour of the day,” said Hannah. “Oh, that they had learned to pray for themselves,” she murmured; “to seek that aid in time of need which will never be withheld!”

Together the mother and daughter knelt, and offered up their prayers to the throne of grace, that help might be sent to those near at hand, while their petitions went up also for those loved ones at a distance. They knew that the all-seeing eye of the God of mercy could follow them, that His far-reaching hand could protect them, and that, feeble as were their petitions, He heard and would grant them if He saw fit.

They rose with hearts cheered and comforted.

"I should indeed be happier if Harry had known and accepted the truth," said Mrs. Graybrook, continuing the conversation just before begun. "He is so light-hearted, and, enjoying health and strength, so confident in himself, that his mind has hitherto appeared incapable of attending to spiritual things; though, when I have spoken to him, he has respectfully listened with a grave countenance; but the subject has evidently not been to his taste. My grief is, also, that your father so admires his bold and daring spirit, that he encourages him to think more of the things of this world than of the future. Excellent as your father is, too, he has not had the same advantages of receiving religious instruction which we have possessed, and is therefore unable to impart it to Harry. This made me very unwilling that your brother should go to sea before he was a confirmed Christian; but your father was so determined to take him that I was compelled to consent."

Mrs. Graybrook would not have spoken thus to Hannah of her father's want of religious principle, but that she knew her daughter was well aware of it, and mourned for it with her, while she had often joined with her in prayer that he might be brought to know the truth. Mrs. Graybrook had far too much delicacy and sense of what is right, under other circumstances, to have spoken to her daughter in any way which might have appeared disrespect-

ful of Captain Graybrook, for whom they both entertained the deepest affection. Her true and faithful love for her husband made her feel as she did; for, having learned the value of her own soul, she was anxious about his and that of her dear boy.

“I at first had hoped that Leonard Champion would have proved an advantageous companion to Harry,” continued Mrs. Graybrook. “But, if not inclined to laugh at religion, he is, I fear, ignorant of its vital truths or indifferent to them, and Harry therefore cannot be benefited through his means.”

Hannah sighed.

“You are right, mamma; Mr. Champion cannot lead Harry to the fountain in which he does not see the need of being washed himself. I spoke to him earnestly on the subject, but without avail, though he accepted some books which I offered him, and promised to read them when he had time.”

The two ladies had, since they settled in Wales, enjoyed the ministry of one of those gifted servants of God, to whom the honour has been given of winning souls to Christ by their preaching and private exhortations. He had been a frequent visitor at the cottage; and mother and daughter, having accepted the truth, had been built up in their faith, becoming earnest yet humble Christians.

This was after Harry went to school. During his short holidays, though his mother and sister had often earnestly and lovingly spoken to

him, they had made no apparent impression on his mind, all his thoughts being set on going to sea. His mother had now deeply to regret that she herself, ignorant of the truth during his childhood's days, had been unable to instruct him while his young mind was ready to receive the religious knowledge she might have imparted.

How many a mother must feel as she did !

Captain Graybrook had been constantly at sea, and when he came home for a brief visit, though he remarked the change in his wife and daughter, and found that they were unwilling to engage in any of the frivolous amusements of society, he looked upon the opinions they expressed as mere passing fancies, and begged to be excused from listening to the preacher of whom they spoke so highly.

"Those sort of things are very good, my dear wife, for some people," he answered, carelessly ; "but sailors have no time to attend to them ; I, at all events, have not, for I have to see to the refitting of the ship ; and you must acknowledge that I have been a good husband and father. I have done my duty ; and what more can you want of me ? "

"The best of human beings are sinful by nature, and have committed numberless sins, and require to be washed in the blood of Jesus to fit them to enter into the presence of a pure and holy God," answered Mrs. Graybrook, gently.

"I dare say it is all true," said the captain,

kissing his wife. "You are a good creature, and mean well; but I have not time to listen now, and must be off; so good-bye, Betty, good-bye!" and he hurried away.

Hannah had entertained hopes of inducing her father's young mate, Leonard Champion, to listen to the subject which occupied her thoughts. He had been a frequent visitor at the house while the ship was undergoing repairs in the dockyard, for he was an especial favourite of her father.

He was a young man of superior attainments, not having gone to sea till he had completed his education at school and had entered college. At that time, his father, who was a merchant, dying just as his firm, by unforeseen circumstances, had become bankrupt, Leonard was left destitute. He had always had a predilection for the sea, and Captain Graybrook, an old friend of his father, at once offered, in the most liberal way, to give him an outfit and to receive him on board his ship.

Leonard thankfully accepted the offer, and, devoting all his energies and talents to acquire a knowledge of the profession he had entered, soon became an excellent navigator and a first-rate seaman. Delighting in his new calling, generous and good-natured as he was cool and daring in danger, he won the confidence of his captain, and was beloved and willingly obeyed by the crew.

He had not seen the captain's daughter till the last time the ship returned home, and

had not expected to find her so engaging and refined a girl. He was, in her sight, superior to any one she had ever met, and her affections were engaged before she was aware of the state of her own feelings. He did not conceal his, and, little versed in the ways of the world, while utterly free from deceit, he expressed his opinions with a freedom which many persons under the circumstances would not have done.

Hannah, though admiring his many fine qualities, could not forget that he was destitute of the most important of all things—sound religious principle. Not denying the interest she felt in him, she distinctly told him that she would never engage herself to marry one who did not desire faithfully to serve the same God and Master whom she did.

Leonard did not clearly understand her meaning, as, indeed, no one still following the ways of the world can comprehend the spiritually minded.

In vain she spoke to him. Perhaps not till he had sailed did she discover how completely, in spite of her resolutions, she had given him her heart. All she could now do was to pray that the young sailor might be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

That evening, while the storm was raging, her mind had been far away on board the *Steadfast*, and her heart sickened as she remembered the dangers to which he might be exposed, and the hazardous pursuit in which he was engaged.

"Perhaps Mr. Champion may give Harry some of the books to read which he took with him," observed Hannah. "I chose such as I thought most likely to interest him."

"I fear Harry is very little addicted to reading," answered Mrs. Graybrook.

"Is there no one else on board likely to speak to Harry on religious subjects, mother? Are none of the other mates Christians?" asked Hannah, anxiously.

"I fear not," said Mrs. Graybrook. "There is, however, old Tom Hayes, who has sailed for many years with your father, and has frequently been at our house. I have at times heard him let drop expressions which induced me to believe that he is a Christian man. Your father has spoken of him as a Methodist, and observed that, though he did not think much of his opinions, he was the most sober and steady man he ever had with him, and one of his best boat-steerers and harpooners. I remember being struck by the old man's calm and intelligent countenance and his gentle and unassuming manners, which true and simple religious faith could alone impart. When we were last on board the ship he expressed himself more openly to me than he had ever before done. I spoke to him about Harry, and he assured me that he would do his best to look after him and keep him out of danger. He was going to say more, when he was called away to attend to some duty, and I had no other opportunity of speaking to him."

"I remember the old sailor," said Hannah. "How I wish that I had thought of talking with him! But I am afraid that Harry will not be inclined to listen to anything which a person whom he will look upon as his inferior may say to him. Still the old man may be able to speak to him, and if he is, as you think, a true Christian, he will certainly endeavour to do so."

"After all, dear Hannah, while we rest assured that God will hear our petitions, we must remember that He knows best how to answer them," observed Mrs. Graybrook. "Confiding in His love, let our hearts be comforted."

More than once the conversation of the mother and daughter had been interrupted by the loud uproar of the storm, and Jane, their maid-servant, who had been sitting by herself in the kitchen, came running in, exclaiming that she was afraid the whole house would be blown away.

"It has stood many a severer gale than this, Jane," answered her mistress. "But bring your work in here, as you are alarmed at being alone," she added, kindly. "We should be worse off if we were to run out into the garden."

The girl thankfully took advantage of Mrs. Graybrook's permission to sit in the drawing-room; and her presence prevented the two ladies from speaking further on the subject which occupied their thoughts.

The usual time for their evening prayers arrived.

It seemed to Hannah, even while they were on their knees, that the gale blew with less fury than before. It was, indeed, one of those storms which occasionally, during the equinox, sweep along the coast, and, though brief, cause much damage to vessels caught near the shore, especially to such as are ill-found and ill-manned. So do the trials of life wreck those persons destitute of sound faith and religious principle, while those who are resting on Jesus are carried through them and preserved.

Next morning the wind had ceased, and the sun shone forth.

Hannah anxiously looked through the telescope in the direction she had seen the flashes of the guns. There lay a large ship on the rocks, but her masts were standing, and boats were passing to and fro from the shore. She was greatly relieved when she soon afterwards heard that, though the ship had received much damage, no lives had been lost.

"I was wrong last night in giving way to my faithless fears and running the risk of alarming you, my dear mother," she said, with a smile. "I feel my heart happier this morning, and believe that God will protect those we love, and that we shall yet see the *Steadfast*, with a full cargo, sailing back towards the Mersey, and, better still, that father and Harry" (she could not bring herself to utter the name of Leonard Champion aloud) "may have accepted the truth, and then"—and she looked upwards—"when we are called upon to part,

we may know that we shall meet together to enjoy the glorious happiness which our gracious Saviour has prepared for all those who love Him."

CHAPTER II.

WHALING IN THE PACIFIC.

THE *Steadfast*, South Sea whaler, having doubled Cape Horn, was traversing the broad waters of the Pacific. Royals and studding-sails were set to catch the light breeze which sent her gliding majestically along over the calm ocean; her six whale-boats, with stem and stern alike, hung from the davits above her black sides. A tropical sun shone down on her deck, making the pitch hiss and bubble in the seams, and driving all on deck whose duty did not compel them to keep elsewhere, into such shade as the sails and bulwarks afforded.

Captain Graybrook, a fine-looking man, with an open, intelligent expression of countenance, stood aft, sextant in hand, prepared to take a meridional altitude. Near him was his second mate, Leonard Champion, with two boys, one of whom also held a sextant.

"You can now, Harry, take an observation as well as I can, and before long, if you pay attention, you will become a good navigator," observed the young mate.

“Thank you for teaching me, Mr. Champion ; that’s just my wish,” answered Harry.

“Where there’s a will there’s a way ; and you, Mr. Bass,” said the mate, turning to the other boy, “ought to do as well as Harry by this time.”

“Dickey is fonder of skylarking than shooting the stars,” remarked Harry, laughing.

“Not fonder than you are, Harry,” retorted Dickey Bass, who was the son of a former shipmate of Captain Graybrook, and brought by him to sea through regard for the boy’s father. “I don’t happen to understand sums as well as you do, and so I don’t always get my day’s work done as correctly as yours.”

“Always ! why, if we were to go by your reckoning, Dickey, we should have been in the middle of the forests of South America, or on the top of the Andes, before now. When did you ever make a right calculation ?” asked Harry, who delighted in bantering Dickey, though they were really great friends.

“Why, for the last fortnight I don’t suppose I have been more than eight or ten degrees out at the utmost.”

Mr. Champion and Harry laughed heartily.

“Rather a serious error, Mr. Bass.”

“I meant minutes,” said Dickey, “or perhaps seconds ; I always forget which is which.”

At that moment Captain Graybrook lifted his instrument to his eye, and the mate and Harry followed his example.

“The sun has dipped ; make it noon,” said the captain ; and the ship’s bell was struck.

Having written off their observations and quickly made their calculations, the ship was found to be about seventeen degrees south of the line, off the coast of Peru.

Look-out men were sent aloft, for they were now approaching a part of the ocean where whales were in those days likely to be found. As they looked over the side, many polypi, medusæ, and squid were observed floating on the surface; and occasionally a covey of flying-fish, rising from the water, darted rapidly over it, quickly again, as their brilliant wings dried, to sink down and become the prey of their enemies, the dolphin or bonito. A seaman had just hauled a bucket of water on deck. Within it was a gelatinous-looking mass. The mate and his young companions examined it.

"That is part of a squid," he observed, "the whale's food. Probably the remainder is down the monster's maw. We shall sight a whale before the day is over, I hope."

"I hope so too," said Harry. "I long to see one killed and brought alongside. We have had a dull time of it since we touched at Valparaiso. I thought we should have captured a dozen or more before this."

"You will have to learn patience at sea, my boy," observed the mate. "We have three years to remain out, and may consider ourselves fortunate if we get a full ship at the end of that time."

The sextants had been returned to their cases in the cabin, and Harry and his chum,

Dickey Bass, finding it very hot, seated themselves in the shade by the side of a gun, of which the *Steadfast* carried eight, besides a good supply of muskets and cutlasses and other weapons; for, having to visit regions inhabited by fierce and savage tribes, she was well armed.

"I say, Harry, what was old Tom talking to you about in your watch last night, and what made you look so grave this morning? I could not tell what had come over you," said Dickey Bass.

"He asked me whether I was prepared to die. I thought it an odd question."

"I should think it was," said young Bass. "What did you say in return?"

"I told him that I had not thought about it, and that, as I enjoyed life, I had no intention of leaving it," answered Harry. "He then reminded me that I might fall overboard any day, or the ship might be lost with all hands, or the boat in which I happened to be might be capsized, or I might die of fever, or be cut off by savages, or that I might lose my life in a number of other ways. He asked me, if any of these disagreeable things were to happen, where I expected to go. I told him, of course, that I wished to go to heaven; and he then inquired what right I had to go there."

"I do not think he had any right to ask you any such questions," observed Harry's companion. "I should have told him to mind his own business. I do not like to be bothered by that sort of questions."

"I could not answer him in that way," replied Harry, "for he spoke very kindly. He is, besides, an old man, and has been for a number of years with my father, who thinks highly of him, for I have heard him say so. Besides, he has taken great pains to teach me seamanship, always tells me anything I ask him; and if it were not for him I should not know half as much as I do."

"Still, I do not see why he should try to frighten you about dying, or ask you where you expect to go if you do. It looks as if he doubted that you would go to heaven," said Dickey.

"He told me very distinctly that I had no claim whatever to go there, and that unless my sins were washed away, the Bible says that I should be unfit to go there; that heaven is a pure and holy place, and that all people are impure and unholy," said Harry, in a graver tone than usual.

"But I suppose he wants you to become religious, and read good books, and give up laughing and singing and being the capital jolly fellow you are now, Harry," interrupted Dickey Bass. "If I were you, I would not listen to him; neither your father nor Mr. Champion ever speaks to us in that way. Just forget all he said, and drive dull care away."

"I have already forgotten, I am afraid, a great deal that he said," answered Harry; "but he seemed, at all events, very much in earnest, and I cannot help remembering some

of the things. Besides, Mr. Champion has lately spoken to me more seriously than he has ever done before ; and only last Sunday he gave me a book to read, and told me that he thought it would do me good. As I found my sister Hannah's name in it, I suppose she asked him to give it to me, and that he had forgotten to do so till then."

"I saw you with one in your hand. Did you read it?" asked young Bass.

"It seemed very dry, and I fell asleep over it, so that I cannot say I know much about it," answered Harry.

"The best thing you could have done," remarked Dickey. "Whatever you do, Harry, don't turn Methodist. I cannot say that I admire old Tom, and do not want you to become like him. To my mind he is a dull, stiff old fellow, with a very good opinion of himself, and I have never felt inclined to be intimate with him."

"I did not at first ; but he seemed so anxious to help me, and to put me up to all sorts of things, that I could not help liking him, though I own that I would rather he did not talk to me about religion. The next time he does so I shall try to get him to change the subject."

"Of course you must," said Dickey Bass. "It's all very well for parsons and ministers, but an old boat-steerer has no business to trouble one with such things. Why, I only yesterday heard him lecturing Rob Burton there, the merriest, happiest fellow in the

ship;" and he pointed to a fine, active-looking young seaman at work on the other side of the deck. "I have a notion that he was talking to him about his soul and death, as if he was not likely to live as long as any one on board, and longer too than most of the old hands. Why should he put melancholy thoughts into his head, and take the pluck out of him?"

"I suppose he thought Rob Burton careless about religious matters, and wanted to get him to read his good books and tracts," observed Harry. "Old Tom means well, at all events."

"He may mean well, but for my part I don't like those well-meaning fellows," answered Dickey. "If I catch him lecturing you I will join in, and we will soon put a stop to his preaching."

The thoughtless lads talked on for some time in the same strain, till any good effect which the conversation Tom Hayes had held with Harry might have produced on him was completely eradicated.

They were interrupted by a startling cry from the masthead, so welcome to a whaler's ears, of "There she spouts!" and in a moment the crew, hitherto so lethargic, were aroused into action. Some flew to the falls, to lower a couple of boats, others sprang up the shrouds, to observe the position of the whale; and soon afterwards the boats, of which the first and second mates had the command, shoved off from the ship's side. Another cry came of "There again!" indicating that the whale had

once more come to the surface, and was spouting. The monster was at no great distance. Mr. Gibson, the first mate, took the lead, pulling the bow oar of his boat, that he might be ready to strike the harpoon into the animal as soon as it was reached.

Harry and his friend were in the rigging watching the proceedings.

Quitting his oar, the mate stood up, harpoon in hand; it flew from his grasp just in time to strike the monster, which was about to "sound," or dive. The line attached to the weapon led aft to a tub, in which it lay coiled at the bottom of the boat. The mate, who acted as boat-steerer, now came to his proper place in the stern, where he guided the boat by an oar passed through a ring called a grummet, while the headsman, who had before been steering, took his place in the bow, armed with several lances, ready to plunge into the body of the whale the instant it again appeared.

After some minutes, up came the monster, lying somewhat exhausted with its exertions to escape and the effects of the harpoon in its body. The boat pulling close up to it, the headsman thrust first one lance and then another into its body, near the fin, shouting as he did so, "Stern all." Instantly the boat backed away as fast as the crew could use their oars, only just in time to avoid the violent movements of the monster, which now reared its tail, lashing the water into foam, and, lifting its enormous head, threatened destruction to

its assailants with its formidable jaws. Suddenly its movements ceased, and the boat-steerers, believing that its last struggles were over, and eager to secure their victim, urged their men to give way towards it.

The first mate's boat still took the lead, and approached with less caution than usual. The apparently vanquished monster, as it saw her, without a moment's warning whirled round its enormous tail, which, striking her, sent the boat flying into the air, scattering her crew on either side in the blood-stained water, when it rushed forward with open mouth to attack Mr. Champion's boat. He narrowly avoided the fierce assault, and then boldly steered to the assistance of his shipmates, who were struggling for their lives. Once more the whale turned, dragging the boat after it, swimming directly through the midst of the men in the water.

The accident had been clearly seen from the ship. Several had been picked up. Mr. Champion then steered towards the whale, which was in its death struggle a short distance off. Another boat had been lowered to go to his assistance, under the command of Tom Hayes.

In a short time, the first mate's boat having been righted, all three were seen returning.

"Any one hurt, Mr. Gibson?" inquired the captain, as the whale was brought alongside.

"Sorry to say, sir, that Rob Burton has gone," was the answer. "Either the whale or the boat struck him, and he went down like a shot."

“Poor Rob Burton!” exclaimed several voices. “The gayest and best-hearted fellow aboard.”

“Dickey, you said he was likely to live as long as any of us,” remarked Harry, very much shocked. “I wonder whether he listened to what old Tom said to him?”

“It’s not a subject I like to think about,” answered Dickey. “I wish it had not happened.”

“So do I. But our wishes cannot bring poor Burton to life again,” observed Harry. “I cannot help thinking that old Tom must be right; and when he speaks to me I think I ought to listen to what he says.”

“Now, Harry, don’t let this thing make you turn Methodist!” exclaimed Bass, after a silence of some minutes. “It is very shocking, of course; but that’s no reason why we should mope and grow serious, and fancy that the same is going to happen to us. I don’t feel quite comfortable myself, I own; but we shall get over it in a few days, and all hands will be as merry as ever.”

Such, indeed, was the case. Poor Burton’s clothes were put up to auction and disposed of among the crew, and his name was seldom or never mentioned afterwards. Too often the same thing happens on board ship when a seaman is lost, much as his shipmates may mourn for him at the time.

Old Tom did not, however, fail to speak to Harry about Burton.

"I was talking to him on the state of his soul only just two or three days before he had to go and stand in the presence of his Maker, and give an account of the deeds done in the body," said the old man. "I asked him whether he knew that it was washed in the blood of the Saviour, or whether he had his sins still clinging to him. He did not know, poor lad, that his soul needed cleansing; and when I said that it was vile and foul, and loaded with sin, and that unless it was washed he could not enter heaven and stand before the all-righteous Judge, he asked me how that was to be done. So I told him the way God has appointed—the only way by which it could be done—through faith in the blood of the risen Saviour shed for us on Calvary. And I tell you, Harry, that it gives me great joy to think that his answer was, 'I do believe Jesus died for me. May God in His mercy help my unbelief.' I told him to pray, and that he might be sure God would answer his prayer. He said he would that very night; and next morning he told me that he had prayed, and that he felt happier than he had ever done before. I had not another word with him after that; but I only wish that you and every one in the ship were like Rob Burton. I know little more about him than what I have told you, but that is enough to give me comfort; and if I ever get home and can visit his mother, it will give her comfort too, for she is a Christian woman, and had taught him to pray, and had never ceased

praying for him, he said. Of that he was sure."

"Then do you think he has gone to heaven?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered old Tom; "for God has promised that He will receive all who trust in Jesus. Whatever are their sins, He will put them as far from Him as the east is from the west; that though they be red like scarlet, they shall become white as wool."

"I wish that I understood these things better than I do," said Harry, earnestly.

"You have your Bible, Harry; read that, with prayer for grace to understand it."

Harry said he would try and find time; and he actually took out a small Bible which his mother had put into his chest, and carried it in his pocket; but he did not like reading it when Dickey was looking on, and somehow or other never found the time he expected.

Dickey tried his best to do away with the impression old Tom had made on Harry's mind; and the thoughtless boys soon, like the rest of the crew, forgot the fate of poor Burton. All hands were, indeed, kept actively employed. Numerous whales appeared, several of which were captured, and night after night the crew were engaged in "cutting in" and "trying out"—that is, cutting the blubber off the body of the animal and boiling it in huge cauldrons on deck. The bright glare falling on the masts and rigging, and the sturdy frames of the sailors, as they stirred up the cauldrons,

placed on tripods, with their forks, gave them the wildest and most savage appearance.

"I don't think my mother and sister would recognise the ship if they were to see us now," observed Harry to his companion, as they stood aft, ready to cast off the carcass of a whale which had been stripped of its blubber, and had an opportunity of observing the scene going on beyond them.

"They would think we were a set of spirits from the lower world busy over some diabolical work, I suspect," said Dickey.

The business was not exactly pleasant, but as there was no disagreeable smell, Harry did not mind it; and even Mr. Champion, whom he looked upon as very refined, was so accustomed to the work that he took it as a matter of course.

After the oil was thus extracted, it was ladled into casks, which were stowed below.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURE WITH SEA-LIONS.

THE *Steadfast* had made so successful a commencement of her voyage that all hands hoped she would get full much sooner than many had expected, and be able to return home. The whales, however, having disappeared from the fishing-ground where she had

been engaged, she was about to proceed to the western part of the Pacific, when a mass of rugged rocks was sighted out of the ocean.

"An awkward spot to run against on a dark night," observed Harry, as they approached them. "Hark! what is that strange roaring noise? I could fancy that a thousand lions or more were assembled together holding a concert."

"They are sea-lions, Master Harry," observed old Tom; "the whole rock is covered with them and their cubs. If we could manage to get hold of some of them, we should find their skins very useful."

Captain Graybrook was of this opinion, and as the wind was light and there was no dangerous current running, the ship was hove to, and he ordered two of the boats to be got ready to capture some of the sea-lions, the ordinary species of seal found in the southern seas. Mr. Champion took command of one boat and old Tom of the other, and the boys got leave to accompany the second mate.

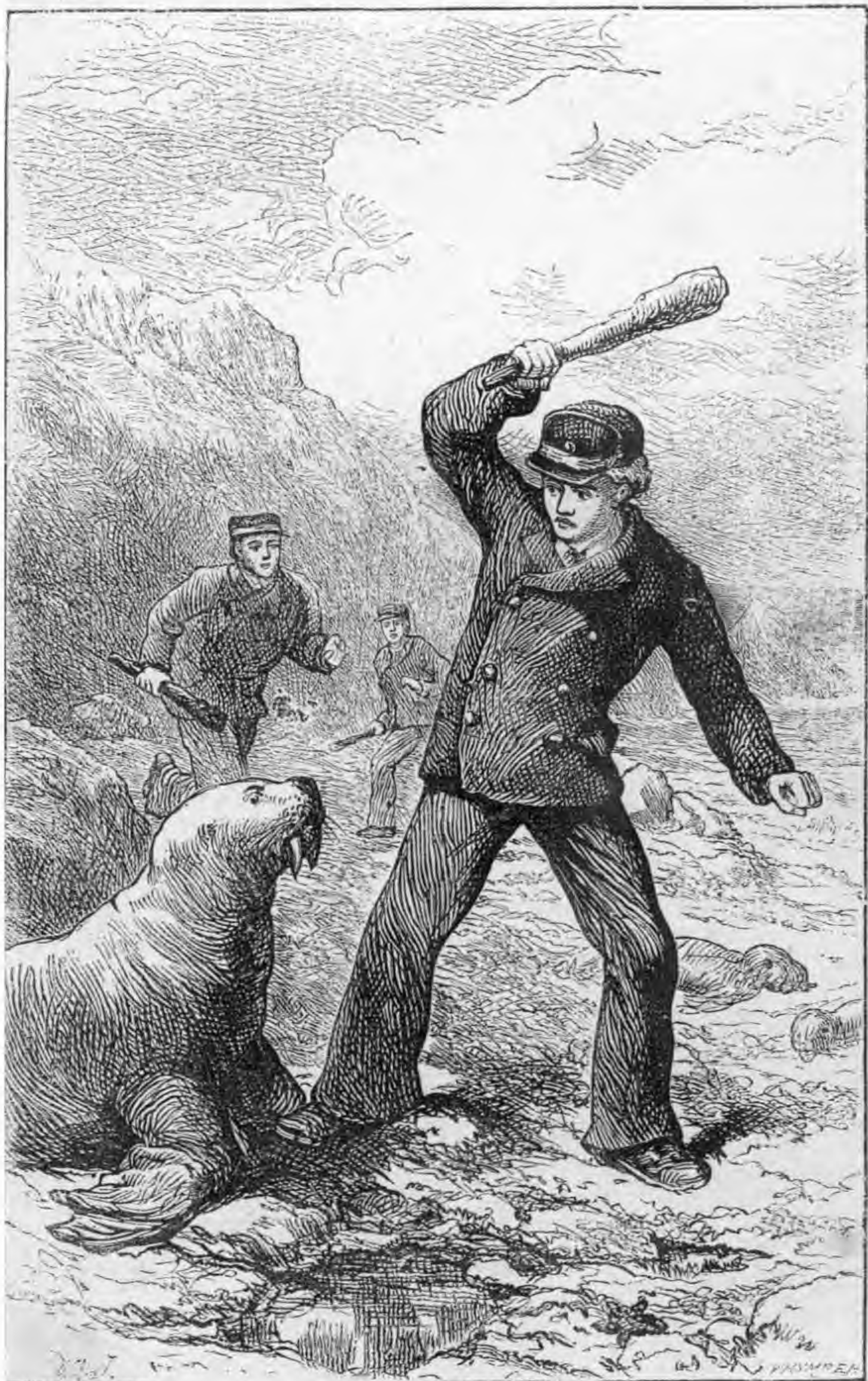
They pulled away towards the rocks. As a heavy surf broke on the rocks, rushing up some distance with great force and then back again, which would have dashed the boats to pieces, had they got within its influence, they were compelled to pull a considerable distance round before a spot was found on which a landing could be effected with any degree of safety. Even there, those who were to land had to watch for an opportunity, as the boat

was sent forward on the crest of a breaker, to leap out and spring up the rocks, while the boats, with a couple of hands in each, were pulled back again out of danger.

No sooner had the party scrambled up the rocks than the seals, alarmed at their approach, made towards the water, rushing down impetuously, and working themselves along by means of their fins—their heads and manes giving them the appearance of lions. Their threatening aspect, and the loud roars they uttered, were enough to daunt any one not accustomed to encounter them.

"I wish that I had remained on board," cried Dickey. "See, here comes a fellow; he will knock us over to a certainty. What shall we do?"

The men, however, had brought heavy clubs, with which they struck right and left as the monsters, with glistening fangs, rushed down on them, snapping their jaws, powerful enough to bite off a limb in an instant. The position of the party was dangerous in the extreme as the monsters came rolling and sliding down the rocks. To avoid them, the men were compelled to climb over the bodies of those which had been stunned; but still more met them, and Harry would have been knocked over by a big seal, and probably carried into the sea, had not Mr. Champion, close to whom he kept, struck the creature on the head and dragged Harry out of the way. Old Tom saved Dickey in the same way.



ENCOUNTER WITH A SEA-LION.

Though most of the seals which had not been killed had made their escape, a few remained on the higher ground, among which was an enormous male seal. The monster seemed determined to give battle to his assailants, and came down the rocks towards them shaking his mane and extending wide his jaws armed with sharp tusks. Old Tom, who boldly went forward to meet the creature, inflicted a tremendous blow with his club on its head, but without stopping its career. Wishing to secure it, he took a harpoon which one of the men, by his orders, had carried with a line attached to it, and plunged it into the animal, trying to make fast the line to a jutting point of rock. The seal, however, rendered only more furious from its wounds, rushed into the midst of the party, dragging the rope, which, as Mr. Champion sprang forward to meet it, became entangled around his leg. Before any one could rescue him, he was carried away into the midst of the wild surf dashing up against the rocks.

A cry of horror and dismay rose from all the party as they saw the young mate buried beneath the waves. Old Tom and several of the men sprang forward in a vain attempt to seize him, and were nearly swept away.

The boats were at too great a distance to render assistance. The next instant Leonard Champion was seen struggling amid the curling crest of a breaker; but, alas! much too far off to be reached.

"Oh, he is gone! he is gone!" cried Harry, wringing his hands.

Little did he think of the agony his gentle sister would have suffered could she have witnessed the scene. Happily, those at home are not aware of the dangers to which their loved ones are exposed till they are over. When ending fatally there comes, it is true, the unavoidable sorrow; but even that does not equal the intense suffering of mind which is endured when the peril is witnessed and no help can be sent.

Again the young mate disappeared.

"There, there he is!" cried Harry, as he was seen struggling on the snowy summit of an enormous roller.

Onward he was borne. His shipmates, clasping each other's hands, formed a line, the strongest bravely dashing in towards him. He was already almost senseless; one outstretched hand was seized. Exerting all their strength, the men worked their way up the rock, and then, two of them clasping him in their arms, he was borne in triumph out of the power of the greedy waves. Harry threw himself down by his side overcome by his feelings.

"You are safe, Mr. Champion!"

"Thank God for it!" answered the young man, pressing Harry's hand; but he could say no more.

The task of embarking was a hazardous one. The mate was first placed in his boat, when the seal-skins, which had been quickly stripped off,

were thrown on board ; and, thankful to escape from the treacherous rocks, the party returned to the ship.

Leonard Champion was for several days confined to his cabin. He thought much, and he was constantly reading. Harry recognised the books which had been his sister's. " You must find them very interesting, Mr. Champion," he observed.

" I wish that I had begun reading them sooner, Harry," was the answer. " I feel that I have been rescued from the jaws of death through God's mercy ; and how unprepared I was to die."

" But I hope you will not be exposed to the same danger again, Mr. Champion."

" I pray not, for it was terrible—I can scarcely make you understand how terrible. I cannot help seeing that I should be indeed ungrateful if I did not acknowledge the loving mercy of God, who preserved my life, and endeavour from henceforth to serve Him faithfully, instead, as I have hitherto done, of rebelling against Him. Yet I am sure that we should accept the offers of God, and serve Him from love and gratitude, and not from fear of death ; I do not mean simply the death of the body, but eternal death—the doom of all who die unreconciled, and therefore at enmity with God."

" Is that what Hannah's books say ? " inquired Harry, in perfect sincerity.

" Yes, and much more. You would have

found what I now say in the book I lent you," observed the mate.

"I have not yet read it, but I will try and do so," said Harry; "still, except on a Sunday, I have not much time, as you know, and the book appeared to me very dull."

"I am not surprised at that, for I thought it so myself, though I read it. But now, Harry, that I have had time for reflection, and feel how nearly I was lost, I see its value," said Mr. Champion. "Let me ask you to read it, Harry, even although you do find it dull."

Harry promised that he would, and fully intended to read it.

Captain Graybrook observed the change which had come over his mate, but he forbore to ask him questions; he could scarcely suppose, however, that a peril to which seamen are so constantly exposed should have produced the change.

"I thought Mr. Champion was as brave as any fellow in the ship," observed Dickey Bass to Harry. "It seems to me that he must have been in a terrible fright, being carried off by the seal, or he would not look so grave and down-hearted as he seems."

"I don't think it was fear, for I am very sure he is as brave as any man alive," answered Harry; but he made no other remark, for of late he had become less willing than formerly to talk to Bass on such a subject, suspecting as he did the real cause of the change which his young shipmate had observed in the second mate.

CHAPTER IV

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

THE *Steadfast* now steered westward across the Pacific. Leonard Champion was indeed much changed. He no longer took pleasure in the light reading and frivolous conversation in which he had previously indulged. He knew that he was a sinner, and he believed that Jesus Christ died to save sinners; but he had not discovered that by simple faith in the all-sufficient atonement of the Saviour's precious blood shed on Calvary, his sins were already washed away, and that he might live rejoicing in the love of God, and go to Him as a child goes to an affectionate parent, with the certainty of obtaining all he asks for, if it is for his good.

Leonard, however, took every opportunity of talking to Harry. Harry listened respectfully; but he thought that the mate was ill and out of spirits, and he did not feel, therefore, that he need be much influenced by what was said.

Several weeks passed, and once more the cheering cry of "There she spouts!" was heard, and several whales were captured.

The ship was in sight of a rocky island. Three of the boats had already gone away in pursuit of a whale in an opposite direction from the island, the captain himself being in one of them, when another was seen spouting towards

the land. The boat of which old Tom had charge was immediately lowered. Harry and Dickey, who had long been eager to go in chase of a whale, slipped down just as she was shoving off. The first mate, who remained in charge of the ship, hailed them to come back.

"The captain promised to let us go some day, and we could not have a better opportunity," shouted Bass.

The mate, understanding that the captain had given them leave, told them that they might go; and old Tom, who had been busy arranging his harpoons, was under the same impression.

The crew giving way, the boat was soon at a distance from the ship. Before she got up to the whale, the monster had sounded; but from the direction it had taken old Tom felt certain that it would rise again still nearer the island. The boat accordingly pulled on. He was not mistaken, but the whale was still some way off. Once more the men bent to their oars. The monster, unconscious of danger, was still above water. As the boat drew near, old Tom was standing up in the bow, harpoon in hand, ready to plunge it into the whale's side. Its flukes were just going up as, with unerring aim, he darted his weapon, which sunk deep into its side. With rapid strokes the boat was backed away, and old Tom returned aft to manage the line, now running rapidly out as the whale sounded. The second line was got ready and made fast to the first, that had almost run out

before it began to slacken, as the whale returned to the surface. The crew were hauling it in when the monster appeared. They had just time to make it fast round the bollard, when the whale darted off, towing the boat at a rapid rate towards the island. It seemed in no way disposed to slacken its speed; but old Tom knew that if the harpoon held they would at length come up with it.

The ship had in the meantime been standing after the other boats, and was now almost hull down; still, as the island would mark their position, they had little fear of not being picked up after the other whales were captured.

The sun was by this time near the horizon, and the wind had increased considerably since they left the ship, but, as it blew off the shore, the sea was tolerably smooth.

At length the monster, growing weary, slackened its speed, and the line was hauled in. The boat had got nearly up to it when it again sounded, but only for a short time. On its return to the surface, old Tom was able to plunge several lances into its body, and then, the boat backing away from it, after it had struggled and lashed the water with its tail for a few minutes, it turned over on its side, and a shout proclaimed that the crew were victors. They now prepared to tow their prize towards the ship; but darkness had come on, and when they looked out for her she was nowhere to be seen. Still, as they knew the direction in which she was to be found, they hoped to get

alongside before midnight, and bending lustily to their oars, pulled away. They had not gone far before they had to meet the wind, which had hitherto come off the shore, and was in their favour; and the sea rising rapidly, they made but slow way with the whale in tow. No sound was heard but the roaring of the surf on the rocky island and the breaking of the sea-caps, which ever and anon leaped on board. Harry and Dickey heartily wished themselves safe on board again, while old Tom, as he stood up steering with his oar, looked out anxiously ahead, in the hope of seeing a light from the ship. The sea-caps, however, came tumbling on board faster than ever.

"There is work for you, boys," he observed. "We must get rid of some of this water, or else we shall have more than enough."

The boys turned to and bailed with might and main; but their efforts were not sufficient, and one of the men was obliged to assist them.

"There is the light, lads!" cried old Tom; "but it's a long way off," he murmured.

Far away, just above the breaking seas ahead, could be seen the glare of a blue light; it seemed to come out of the water, and showed that the ship was indeed a long way off.

"We shall not get alongside with the whale to-night," observed old Tom.

"Neither with it nor without it," answered one of the men.

"It will be lucky if we get anywhere," said another.

The sea had now risen still more than at first, and dark heavy masses crested with foam came rolling on towards the boat.

It was proposed to hang on to the whale, and wait till the ship stood towards them. The boat was made fast under the lee of the monster's body, which served somewhat to break the force of the seas.

Again a pale blue light was seen, but it was evidently only the upper rays, showing that the ship was hull down. The captain might not dare to venture so near a rocky coast, off which unknown reefs might lie hid, even to save their lives.

In a short time the body of the whale scarcely afforded them shelter, and the seas, rolling over it, broke on board. The crew cried out that they should be swamped, and proposed pulling for the island and landing on the rocks.

"We shall have a chance of saving our lives, and it will be better than being swamped out here!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken.

"We shall have but a poor chance if we attempt to land on the rocks, I tell you that, lads," said old Tom. "I would rather keep hold of the whale."

Still the men declared that they would, at all events, rather chance it.

Just as they were speaking, the clouds to windward appeared to open, and a bright light darted from the sky. This decided old Tom, for he knew that it was the sign of a still further increase of wind.

"I hope we shall not have to run on the rocks," he said; "just, however, as we made fast to the whale, I observed an opening in the surf. It was a very narrow one, though. If we can find it we will attempt to run through, for there is sure to be a harbour inside, and we have no other hope of saving our lives that I can see."

The boat was accordingly cast off from the whale, and her head being kept to the seas, to prevent her from being swamped, the crew exerted all their strength to gain the land. Ahead appeared a long line of roaring, foaming breakers, with a rocky shore beyond, and the dim outline of the dark hills farther on. For an hour or more they pulled on, but no opening in the mass of foaming breakers could be discerned. They were beginning to despair, when old Tom said that he could see the place he was in search of, for he had remarked the peculiar shape of the hills at that spot. He accordingly steered in for the shore. Harry and Dickey, however, could see nothing but the threatening breakers.

"It's very awful!" observed Dickey to his companion. "I wish I was prepared to die. It's bad enough now, and if the boat once gets caught in those breakers it will be all over with us. Harry, can you say any prayers?"

"I am trying to do so," said Harry, who saw the danger as well as Dickey.

Old Tom was too much occupied to make any remark. He kept his eye steadily fixed

on a dark patch of water which appeared in the white line of foam, and he steered towards it. The roaring sound of the surf as it dashed against the wild rocks grew louder and louder. Still old Tom urged the men to pull as hard as they could. Many of them thought, however, that they were only pulling to meet destruction the sooner.

“I see the passage now!” exclaimed Harry, as he looked up for a moment while bailing the water out.

“You are right, lad,” said old Tom. “Steady, lads! there is One above who will protect us. We will do our best, and trust to Him.”

The men gave way. They knew well that in a few minutes more they should be safe, or struggling helplessly among the foaming waters. The loud roar of the breakers sounded in their ears. They bent to their oars; the boys bailed as hard as they could. Old Tom kept his eye ahead. A huge wave lifted up the boat, and seemed about to heave her into the midst of the boiling surf. Onwards she was borne; now she was between two walls of white hissing foam, which flew in thick masses over her; but still she went on, and, gliding downwards with the rapidity of an arrow, in a few seconds she shot into smooth water, leaving the dark rocks and the roaring breakers astern. The wind blew fiercely, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed vividly; but she was now safe within the shelter of a deep bay. By the glare of the lightning it could be seen that

there were cliffs on either side. The crew pulled steadily up the centre till they reached a sandy beach at the farther end, where they landed, and hauled their boat up.

"Now, lads, let us return thanks to God for preserving us from the greatest danger I have ever been in, or any of you either, probably," said old Tom. "If we had not been guided into the passage when we were, it is my belief that the boat would in a few minutes have gone to the bottom, for the gale is blowing nearly twice as hard as it did when we cast off from the whale."

Though most of the men had refused to join with old Tom in prayer on board ship when in safety, no one now declined to do as he suggested; and, led by him, they knelt down on the sands, and offered up thanksgivings for their preservation from the danger in which they had been placed. Even Dickey Bass uttered a fervent "Amen," and Harry felt that God had indeed been merciful to him.

"Where should we have been now, Bass, if we had missed the passage?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Dickey; "but I am very thankful that we are safe."

It was too dark to enable them to go in search of shelter, if shelter was to be found; so they stretched the boat's sail out from her side, and formed a low tent, beneath which they lay down to shelter themselves from the storm till the return of daylight.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE DESERT ISLAND.

THE storm raged furiously all night, the thunder roared, the lightning, darting forth from the dark sky, flashed ever and anon, in a zigzag course, from side to side of the cliffs around the bay, and the howling wind threatened frequently to tear off the sail and carry it away. Still the weary seamen slept, although Harry and young Bass did not for a long time close their eyes.

"I feel, Harry, that old Tom is right; and next time he speaks to me I will listen to him," said the latter. "He was as cool and collected from the beginning of the storm as if there had been no danger. If it had not been for him, I do not think we should have been where we are."

Harry agreed with his companion, and urged him not to forget his good resolutions should they ever again get on board the ship. What had become of her they could not tell, and they felt very anxious about her fate. She might have been cast on some of the numerous reefs which lay thereabouts, or have been driven far away from the island.

"At all events, the captain will probably suppose that the boat is lost, and not think it worth while to come and look for us," observed Dickey.

"I am very sure my father won't give us

up, if he thinks there is a chance of finding us," answered Harry.

"But what if the ship is lost?" said Dickey, thoughtlessly.

"Oh! do not talk of anything so dreadful!" exclaimed Harry; "I could not bear to think that we are not again to see my father and Mr. Champion and the rest. My father is a good seaman, and our ship is stout enough to weather out the worst gale that ever raged."

"I hope so," said Dickey, in a mournful voice; "but it blows a regular hurricane; and, oh! what a fearful crash of thunder that last was! See, see! The lightning seems to stir up the very water of the harbour; and oh! there is another peal! I cannot help feeling as if the sky itself was coming down upon us."

The last peal was succeeded by a loud rending and crashing sound, as if a number of trees had been torn up by their roots or the stout branches wrenched off from the stems.

"Lie down, boys, and try and get some sleep." It was old Tom who spoke. They were not aware that he was awake and overheard them. "God will take care of us, for we can do nothing more to take care of ourselves. We are safer here than we should be farther inland among the trees."

It was some time, however, before they followed his advice. At length there was a lull, and they both lay down. Scarcely had they placed their heads on the ground, than they were lost in forgetfulness, and took no more

notice of the storm than the seamen who had slept through it all.

When morning dawned all hands awakened. The fury of the gale was over. The sun arose, and, bursting through the clouds, his rays soon dried their damp clothing.

The ground rose slightly from the head of the bay, and on the lower portion grew a grove of cocoa-nut trees loaded with fruit. One of the men, by means of a belt round his waist and the trunk, soon managed to climb to the top of one of them, when he threw down a number of nuts, which were eagerly seized by the rest. The outer husks were quickly torn off, and a nut was given to Harry, the eye being pierced. He declared that he had never tasted so delicious a draught of milk. The meat served the party for food, but did not satisfy their hunger, as they had eaten nothing since leaving the ship.

"This is better than nothing, but it won't keep body and soul together," said one of the men, in a grumbling tone.

"Lad, we should be thankful that God has sent us where we can find such wholesome food, instead of complaining that we have not better," said old Tom. "Maybe, too, there are shell-fish and crabs to be got, and perhaps other food besides; and see, there is a rill of fresh water. We should be thankful for that. We have an axe and our knives, and if we are obliged to live here we may build ourselves a hut, though we need not think about that, as

I hope the ship has escaped and will come to look for us before long."

Still the men grumbled. They were all out of spirits, and had made up their minds that the ship was lost. They had begun to wander about, as sailors generally do under such circumstances, one in one direction and one in another, when Harry, who had gone to the boat, exclaimed, "See, here are some fishing-lines. Who put them there I do not know, but we shall not be in want of a dinner if we make use of them."

"This is a godsend," observed Dickey.

"Everything good is sent by God," said old Tom; and he called to the men to come and assist him in launching the boat.

A short search along the shore enabled them to find mussels and other shell-fish, which they hoped would serve for bait; and, shoving off, they went down towards the mouth of the harbour, where they quickly caught as many fine fish as they could eat. Returning to the beach, sticks were collected, and a tinder-box, which was in the tub with other articles always carried in a whale-boat, enabled them to light a fire.

An ample meal raised their spirits. They once more embarked and pulled down to the mouth of the harbour, in the hope of seeing the ship standing towards the island. The heavy surf which rolled in, however, made it impossible for them to get out. Old Tom and the two boys, therefore, landed and climbed to

the summit of a high cliff overlooking the ocean. Hence they gazed round in every direction, but no ship was in sight. In the far distance they could discern here and there some dark rocks, over which the sea broke in masses of foam. Harry's heart sank within him as he thought that possibly the *Steadfast* might have been driven upon those fearful rocks, when, as he knew too well, she must speedily have gone to pieces without a chance of any one on board escaping. He scarcely liked to ask Tom Hayes what he thought, but he observed that the old man looked unusually grave as his eye turned in that direction.

"This is no place for us to build our hut on, though it is the best spot for a look-out," observed old Tom, as he surveyed the rough broken ground all around them. "We must take it by turns, however, to spend the day here, though it will be best to take up our quarters near where we first landed."

They waited for some time watching the dark, heaving sea, which still rolled and tumbled in huge billows before them; but not even a speck which might be the topsails of the *Steadfast* appeared above the horizon. At length they returned to the boat.

The men had, in the meantime, caught a large supply of fish, and, in better spirits than before, they pulled back to the head of the bay.

Old Tom advised that they should put up some shelter for the night; and while one of the men cooked the fish, the remainder cut

down some young trees and a quantity of boughs, with which they formed a tolerably substantial arbour, while some dried leaves and smaller boughs supplied them with as good beds as they required.

"If we had a good stock of grog, and some bread and potatoes, we should be as happy as princes," observed one of the men.

"You are right, Ned," said another. "For my part, I do not care how long we stay."

"What if there should be savages on the island! Most of them are cannibals in these parts, I have heard say; and, as we have no arms to defend ourselves, we should look foolish," remarked a third.

"I have seen no signs of any natives, so I do not think we should make ourselves unhappy about them," said old Tom. "If there are any we must make friends with them, and it's more than likely that they will give us help and show us where we can obtain food."

Thus old Tom did his utmost to keep up the spirits of the men, and to prevent them from falling into despondency. Harry, however, could not help feeling sad as he thought of the possible loss of the ship. He eagerly set off the next morning to look out for her, and while two of the men who pulled the boat remained fishing below he and Dickey climbed the cliff. The gale had considerably abated, but the ocean still swelled and broke with the effects of the gale. They returned with an unsatisfactory report.

The men who had remained in the camp had, in the meantime, been looking out for traces of natives. None had been discovered. They had also begun to build a hut. As they had only one axe, this was a slow process. They had cut out a couple of rude spades with which to dig the holes for the foundation, and, as all hands worked hard, by the close of the day they had made some progress. The coconut fibre, twisted into rope, enabled them to bind the rafters together, and the long leaves of some palms, which grew farther inland, served for thatch. Old Tom encouraged them to proceed, though he had lost all hopes that the ship would return.

As had been agreed on, one man went down and remained on the look-out during the first part of the day, and a second took his place in the afternoon. Thus all were employed.

Harry took the afternoon of the second day. Climbing to the top of the hill, he gazed, as before, anxiously round the horizon. A sigh escaped him when no sail appeared. Sitting down, he remembered his Bible, which he had always carried since he formed the resolution of doing so. He took it out. From its sacred pages he drew that comfort which it always affords. Never before had he read it with so much satisfaction, for he prayed earnestly that his mind might be enlightened; and he now was enabled to see many of the important truths he had never before comprehended. He read and read on, page after page.

"I would rather have this than every book on board!" he exclaimed.

He was surprised when he heard a hail from below, and found that the boat had come for him.

Sunday came round, and old Tom urged his companions to make it a day of rest. Harry now produced his Bible, greatly to old Tom's delight. Morning and evening Tom had offered up a prayer, Harry and Bass and one or two of the seamen joining him, though others showed no inclination to do so.

Harry offered to read from his Bible, to which the men agreed; but though they sat quiet and listened, some did so with apparent indifference. He, however, selected such portions as he thought that they would best understand. By degrees they became interested. He was reading the fourteenth chapter of Matthew—the account of our Lord's feeding five thousand men, besides women and children; followed by that of Peter walking on the sea, when, through want of faith, he began to sink, and the Lord stretched forth His hand and saved him, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

"So, lads," observed old Tom, "you see how Jesus Christ fed the multitudes when they were hungering, and saved Peter when in danger, though his faith was weak. We have been fed, you will all allow, when we thought we had reached a barren island where no food was to be found; and in the same way, though I fear

our faith is weak, He will take care of us. Then it seems to me that we must give Him our hearts, just as Peter stretched out his hands to Christ for safety."

"Old Tom speaks the truth, it seems to me," observed one of the men to a companion, in an undertone. "If I thought that Jesus would hold out His hand as He did to Peter, I should not despair; but I am such a terrible bad fellow, that I am sure I could not keep straight by myself."

"Jesus is ready, not only to grasp the hand of every one who cries for help, but when once He has got the man's hand in His He does not let it go," said old Tom, who had overheard the remark.

When evening closed and the boat's crew lay down in their hut, several of them acknowledged that they had never spent so happy a Sunday in their lives.

CHAPTER VI.

IN AN OPEN BOAT.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed, still the *Steadfast* did not return. The whole island had been explored. It was found not to be more than a couple of miles long, and scarcely half a mile in width, the greater portion consisting of black volcanic rocks thrown up by some mighty convulsion of nature. No

other harbour was discovered; indeed, there was not a spot besides the bay they had entered on which a landing could be effected without danger. They probably were the first people who had entered the bay, for there were no signs of the island ever having been inhabited. There was but a very small portion of ground fit for cultivation; the only trees were those which clothed the side of the valley and the little cocoa-nut grove on the shore of the bay; while no other stream of water was discovered besides that near which they had formed their camp.

As the trees could not be perceived from the sea, Harry thought that, even if the island was marked on the chart, it was probably set down as a barren rock on which no one could land.

"My father, depend upon it, thought that our boat was swamped in attempting to regain the ship, or else that she was driven on the rocks, when he might well suppose that none of us could have escaped. He would otherwise, I am sure, have come back before this," he observed to old Tom.

"I hope that is the reason why he has not come back," was the answer; for old Tom had come to the conclusion that the ship, with all hands, had been lost, though he did not like to say so to Harry.

The men were beginning to get very impatient at their long detention on the island. Old Tom did his best to keep them employed;

but it was difficult to find work for them. It was evident, too, that the cocoa-nuts would not last for ever; and when they had come to an end, what would they do for food? the men inquired. They might live on fish; but three or four of their hooks had already been lost, and in time they might be unable even to catch fish.

“One thing is clear, lads,” observed Tom; “if we are to get away, we must carry water with us as well as food. Our small beaker will only hold enough for two or three days on short allowance, and, though we may carry some in the tubs, it will be difficult to keep that from being spilled. My advice is, that we set to work and scoop out a number of cocoa-nuts—they will hold a good supply—and we must try and smoke or salt some fish. I calculate that we can carry enough to last us three or four weeks, and in that time we may be able to reach a more fertile island than this is—one likely to be visited by whalers—if we are not so fortunate as to be picked up by a ship first.”

The men were eager to be off, and set to work readily to prepare for the voyage. Harry would rather have remained, still believing that the ship would come back to look for them. Some time, however, was occupied in catching fish, and in drying and salting them, for it was necessary first to erect a building of stone for the former operation, and they had to collect the salt in the holes of the rock along the shore.

A lovely day, just a month after they landed,

found them ready, with the cocoa-nut bottles and tubs full of water, and as many whole cocoa-nuts and as much dried and salt fish as they could stow away.

"Before we shove off, lads, let us return thanks to God for bringing us safely here and giving us food to eat, and then let us pray that He will take care of us in the voyage we are about to make," said old Tom. "I tell you that we shall meet with many dangers, from which He alone can preserve us."

The men agreed to old Tom's proposal; and then in good spirits they pulled down the harbour and glided out into the open ocean, now shining in the bright sun of the early morning. The surf, which broke on the rocks on either side in a gentle murmur, glittered brightly, presenting a very different appearance to the wild fury it exhibited when they took refuge within the bay. A light breeze springing up from the northward, the sail was hoisted, and the whale-boat stood to the south, away from the dark, forbidding-looking island. The small compass which is usually carried in a whale-boat enabled them to steer in a tolerably direct course.

"Now, lads," said old Tom, "we may reach land in about a fortnight; but it may be a month or six weeks before we fall in with an island where provisions are to be found. It will be well, therefore, to put ourselves on an allowance both of water and food. Remember that God helps those who help themselves, and

if we take more than we require to keep up our strength, we cannot expect Him to send us a fresh supply."

Harry and Dickey were always ready to support him, and the men, without murmuring, agreed to do as he advised.

The crew having been divided into watches, old Tom taking charge of one and Harry of the other, and all other arrangements being made, old Tom lay down to rest, saying that he would keep the first night-watch.

They had a few candles for their lanterns, which had been carefully husbanded; these were kept to be used should any night prove particularly dark and cloudy, and the compass be required, for when the stars were shining they were sufficient to steer by.

For several days the boat sailed on over the tranquil ocean. Sometimes it fell calm, when the men took to their oars. The rest of the day they spent lying along the thwarts. Morning and evening, however, Tom offered up prayer, and Harry read some chapters in the Bible, to which most of the men listened attentively.

"What we should have done without your Bible, Mr. Harry, I do not know," observed old Tom. "I believe it has mainly contributed to keep the men contented and happy; I only hope that they will remain in the same temper."

"I at all events will read the Bible to them," said Harry. Harry kept to his resolution.

Dickey was one of the most attentive of the listeners.

"Harry," he said, one day, "I confess that I did not before know what was in the Bible when I used to sneer at old Tom for being religious, and was afraid that he would make you so. I wish that he would make me like himself or like you."

"God's Holy Spirit can alone make you, Mr. Bass, what you ought to be," observed old Tom, who had been listening to the boys' conversation. "But you have to seek His grace, and to trust in Jesus, according to the teaching of His word; for we are there told that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. I never yet met an infidel or careless, bad fellow who really had read the Bible with prayer. It is only thus that we can benefit by it. Many complain that they have no faith, and that it is no fault of theirs—and yet they will not do the very thing that God tells us to do; so you see that it is not God's fault if a man does not believe, but the man's own fault. Do you read and pray earnestly and faithfully, and depend upon it God's Holy Spirit will do His part and help you."

"I will try, Tom, indeed I will," said Dickey; "and will you and Harry pray for me?"

"That we will, Mr. Bass, because God has said that earnest, believing prayer availeth much; but you must pray for yourself—you

must not trust to others praying instead of you. God will hear your prayers, though they may be very weak and imperfect, just as He heard the prayer of the poor publican who smote on his breast and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' "

It cannot be said that all in the boat listened to Harry when he read the Bible, or to old Tom when he spoke, or followed their example.

While the weather remained fine and they had enough to eat, they kept up their spirits, and began to talk of what they would do when they got on shore. Two or three of them indeed declared that they had had enough knocking about at sea, and that if they should land on a pleasant island with good-natured natives, they would take up their quarters there and marry wives and live a life of ease.

"If you do so, lads, you will run the risk of becoming heathens like them, and forget God and all His benefits," observed old Tom. "Remember, if we do land safely, it will not be our own right arm or our own strength which will have preserved us, but His merciful kindness; and I tell you, you will be ungrateful fellows if you do as you propose."

"Old Tom is always preaching," muttered one of the men to whom he spoke. "I don't see why we have not a right to please ourselves."

Old Tom did not hear this remark, and he probably would not then have answered even if he had.

For ten days or so the voyage had continued without any change in the weather. The sun was very hot, and the fish, which they thought had been well salted and smoked, began to taste very strong. Harry and Dickey could only eat very small pieces at a time, with the help of some cocoa-nut and a sip of water between each mouthful. Next day a perfect calm came on, and the sun beat down with intense force on the boat. Although their provisions were covered up and kept as cool as possible, the fish grew worse and worse. Several of the men, when it was served out to them, threw it overboard with disgust, declaring that they could eat it no longer.

"Seeing we have nothing else to live upon, we should be thankful that we have got that, and not throw it from us," observed old Tom. "It's bad-tasted, I'll allow; but as long as we can manage to get it down it will help to support life, and we should try to eat it."

Harry and Bass did as he advised, and as yet they did not find their strength much diminished.

Most of the men, however, began to complain of pains and aches, and unwillingly got out their oars. Tom urged them to pull on, in the hope that they might in a day or two reach some island which Harry thought could not be far off.

Day after day they had gone on, ever appearing to be in the midst of the same circle where sky and sea met, without sighting land or a

distant sail. At night, while one watch rowed the other slept.

Another morning came, but still the glass-like ocean showed no signs of a coming breeze. They had put in their oars, and were munching their share of cocoa-nut and such small pieces of the fish as they could still eat, when suddenly, at a little distance, the surface of the water was broken, and a covey of flying-fish darted through the air towards them. A dozen or more fell into the boat, and were eagerly seized and killed by the famishing crew.

“Let us thank God, who sent them to us,” said Tom, as several of the men greedily began to bite at the fresh, tempting-looking morsels.

Half the number were cut up, and the remainder Tom advised should be reserved for dinner.

The food somewhat restored the men’s spirits, and they pulled on for some hours without murmuring.

Another and another day passed by, and then a breeze sprang up, and the sail was hoisted, and they ran on before the wind. All felt that unless they should shortly reach land or be picked up by a ship their fate was certain. Their cocoa-nuts and water were nearly exhausted, and even old Tom could with difficulty manage to eat a small portion of fish. Still he appeared calm and happy, and did his best to encourage his companions; he sat at the steering oar for the greater part of the day and night, taking but little rest. When

he lay down he charged those who were on the watch to keep a bright look-out for land, while he himself, when awake, had his eyes moving round the horizon in the hope of discovering it.

At length all the water was gone, and not a piece of cocoa-nut remained. One of the crew, who had long been complaining, had lain down in the bow, saying he should go to sleep. When it was his turn to keep watch, Jack Harding, one of the men, tried to arouse him. Jack lifted his arm, which fell down by his side.

"Bill has slipped his cable, I am afraid," said Jack, in a hollow voice.

Harry went forward to ascertain if such was the case. Bill was indeed dead.

"Lads," said old Tom, "I don't know which of us will go next, but this I know, that the case of those who are not trusting in Christ is a very terrible one. I won't say anything about poor Bill, but I speak to you as a dying man to dying men. The day of grace has not yet passed—to-morrow it may have gone by for some, if not for all those who are still unreconciled to God. I said this before to you when you were in health; God in His mercy has allowed you to suffer from starvation and sickness, that He might lead you to Himself."

"We dare say you speak the truth, Mr. Hayes," answered one of the men; "but it's hard to believe that God, if He is as kind as you say, should allow us to suffer as we are doing."

“He allowed His faithful apostles of old, and many thousands of Christians since then, to suffer far more than we are doing; and yet they acknowledged to the last that He does all things well,” answered old Tom. “I have just told you why He allows you to suffer; and remember what St. Paul says, ‘The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.’”

Tom’s address served as the funeral sermon of poor Bill, who was shortly afterwards lifted overboard by his sorrowing companions.

CHAPTER VII.

SAVAGES AND MISSIONARIES.

IT was again night. For the greater part of it old Tom sat at the helm, while a gentle breeze wafted them on.

Once more the sun rose. It was Harry’s watch. As he glanced round the horizon, he caught sight of a blue undulating line to the south-west. At first he thought that it was a bank of clouds, but at length he was convinced that it was land he saw.

“Land! land!” he cried out.

His shouts aroused all the sleepers.

“Land it is! there is no doubt about that!”

said old Tom, taking his seat at the helm and steering towards it.

As they approached they saw it was an island of some extent, with hills covered with trees, but a coral reef intervened. A passage, however, was at length discovered. How eagerly the famished crew longed to get on shore to quench their burning thirst and satisfy their hunger!

The first object which met their sight, as they pulled into a small picturesque bay, was a stream of water, which came sparkling and foaming down the side of the hill. Not far off was a grove of cocoa-nut palms, near which were several other fruit-bearing trees. Without stopping to ascertain whether any natives were in the neighbourhood, they pulled to the shore, and leaping out, rushed forward to quench their thirst at the nearest point of the stream which they could reach. Some cocoanuts were also quickly obtained, and sitting down, they soon emptied the contents of the shells of several.

"If we had fallen in with this island two or three days ago, poor Bill, maybe, would have been alive and merry now," observed one of the men.

"It might have been so, lads," said Tom; "but one thing I know, that we should be thankful for God's mercy in bringing us thus far in safety."

The strength of all the party was revived by the food and water. By Tom's advice they

refilled the casks and cocoa-nut bottles. He then proposed that they should push off into the bay, and try and catch some fish. Two of the men replied that they had had food enough, and preferred remaining in the shade under the trees; the rest, however, agreed to accompany him. Some crabs and shell-fish, as before, served them as bait.

They had been fishing for some time with good success, and were contemplating returning to the shore to cook the fish and to rest for the night, when they caught sight among the trees, at some distance from the beach, of several savages, who had apparently been watching them. These were joined by others, who began flourishing their weapons and shouting. The two men who had been left on shore, on hearing their voices, started up, and, observing their menacing attitude, ran towards the beach. The crew of the boat, seeing the danger of their companions, pulled in as fast as they could bend to their oars, in the hope of rescuing them. The distance was considerable. Neither of the poor fellows could swim. They rushed into the water up to their necks. The natives came on yelling towards them. Long before the boat could get up to them they were dragged back, and in another instant dispatched by the clubs of the savages.

“It’s too late, lads!” cried old Tom, who saw what had occurred; “we shall be treated as they have been if we let the savages get hold of us. We must make the best of our

way out of the bay. It's a mercy that we have got the water and food."

There was indeed no time to be lost, for at that moment another party of savages were seen bringing several canoes down to the beach. Old Tom told Harry to take the helm, while he and the three remaining men pulled away out to sea. Happily, just as they got near the passage through the reef, a breeze sprang up, and they were able to hoist the sail. At that instant four canoes were seen paddling out of the bay. It still seemed doubtful whether they would escape. The breeze, however, freshened, and the whale-boat darting ahead, soon distanced her pursuers.

Tom urged his companions not to despair.

"We may still reach another island where the natives will treat us more kindly than these have done," he observed.

Harry thought that there were other islands to the southward, the natives of which were well spoken of. That was all he could say on the subject. How far off they were he could not tell.

They had now a good supply of water; but they had put only a few cocoa-nuts into the boat, and though they had several fish, they would very soon be unfit to eat.

"He who has brought us thus far will still take care of us, lads, if we will but trust Him," said old Tom.

This was the burden of his address day after day.

The fish they were still able to eat on the second day, so that they could reserve their cocoa-nuts.

They had been living on the latter, with some water, for two days longer, when again a covey of flying-fish passed over the boat, nearly a dozen falling into her. This afforded them the means of subsistence for two days more, then again they had to resort to the remainder of the cocoa-nuts. These were, however, at length finished.

Day after day they sailed on, no land appearing in sight. Even should they reach shore, they were aware that they might be received in the same hostile way that they were before.

The last cocoa-nut was eaten, the last drop of water exhausted. The hapless wanderers gazed with lack-lustre eyes in each other's faces. What would next happen?

"All we can now do is to lay ourselves down and die," said Harry.

"No, no, lad; trust still in God," answered old Tom. "He has preserved us hitherto. If He thinks fit He can still carry us safe to shore. See away there over the starboard bow—what do you make out?"

Harry and Dickey lifted their heads and gazed in the direction in which old Tom pointed.

"My old eyes are sharper than your young ones," he observed, when they made no reply.

"I make out the top of a mountain rising

above the horizon. We shall see more of it before nightfall if the wind holds; let us pray that it may."

The rest of the people would not believe old Tom, and declared that he was mistaken; but he persisted in his assertion that land was ahead, and urged them to keep up their spirits.

Before nightfall land appeared clearly in view, but still at a great distance. All night long they ran on, old Tom sitting at the helm, for he would trust no one else, while Harry and Dickey did their best to keep a look-out ahead, for, young as they were, they endured their sufferings better than the older men, who lay stretched out on the thwarts.

When morning dawned a beautiful island, with rocks and trees and mountains in the centre, appeared about two miles ahead; but it was surrounded by a reef, over which the sea dashed in masses of foam, barring their approach to the shore.

"Never fear, boys, we shall find a passage through it," said old Tom.

They sailed on, and in a short time the expected passage was seen, the water shining calm and blue within it.

They glided on towards a bay, beyond which a valley opened up into the interior of the country. On one side, on the slope of a hill, appeared a few neat cottages, and among them a building of larger size.

"If my eyes don't deceive me, that's a chapel!" exclaimed old Tom; "and where there

is a chapel there will be Christians, and we shall be received by them as friends."

The men roused up on hearing this, for in their despair they believed that on landing they should be murdered like their companions.

Old Tom steered without hesitation towards the cottages. As they approached, several persons were seen coming down to the beach. Two were in European costume, one of whom was a woman, while most of the rest were dressed in shirts and trousers. Before the boat's keel had touched the shore, several of the latter came rushing forward into the water; and, seeing the condition of those on board, they carefully lifted them out, and bore them to the shore in their arms. The white people, who were at once recognised by old Tom as missionaries, kindly pressing his hand, invited him and his companions to their house.

"We will not ask questions now," they said; "your appearance shows the sufferings you have endured."

The natives, receiving directions from the missionary, again lifted them up, and followed him, while his wife hastened on with two native girls to make preparations for their reception.

Food and water were, however, what they most required.

"I can allow you to partake of them but sparingly at first," observed the missionary. "God's greatest blessings are too often abused by being enjoyed in excess."

Harry and old Tom thanked him, and said they did not wish for more than would be beneficial; but the men grumbled at not being allowed to have as much as they could devour, when they were so hungry. Poor Dickey was unable to speak, and could scarcely eat the food given to him.

The missionary, who told them that his name was Hart, and that he and his wife had resided scarcely a year on the island, showed them the greatest sympathy and kindness. Mrs. Hart took poor Dickey under her especial care, and gave him nourishing food in small quantities till she saw that his strength was returning, and that his pulse was beating more regularly. He could not help feeling, indeed, that it was mainly owing to her care that his life was preserved.

In the course of two or three days the strength of all the party was much restored, and Harry and old Tom were able to get up and join Mr. and Mrs. Hart at their meals. They then gave an account of their adventures.

"You have indeed been mercifully preserved," observed Mr. Hart. "What confidence does it give us when we know that we are under the protection of our Heavenly Father! Were it not for that, my wife and I could not live as we do in this island, surrounded by hostile savages, far away from other Europeans. It is true that we have with us a small band of Christian natives; but their numbers are insufficient for our defence, even

if we wished them to fight. We have often been threatened, but hitherto the heathens have been restrained from attacking us. Many, indeed, have come to listen to the doctrines we preach, and now one and now another has acknowledged Jehovah to be the true God. The more progress we have made, the greater has been the animosity of the heathens, and of late, instigated by their priests, they have threatened our destruction. Still we persevere, in the hope, whatever may happen, of gaining more souls for Christ's kingdom."

Harry was surprised to hear Mr. Hart speak so calmly of the dangers which surrounded him, and to observe that Mrs. Hart did not appear in any way alarmed.

"But if the heathen party attack you, what do you propose doing?" he asked.

"We know that our friends will protect us as long as they have the power to do so," answered the missionary. "We are perfectly resigned to whatever God, in His providence, may allow. Should the heathens have resolved to put us to death, we are sure that if God allows them to succeed He has an important object in view, and that our death will ultimately tend to His honour and glory. At the same time, should means of escape be afforded us, we should consider it our duty to take advantage of them. Our friends know of some hiding-places in the mountains to which they have promised to take us, should they obtain timely notice of an intended attack on the station;

but we suspect that, even should we succeed in reaching a place of concealment, it may be discovered by our enemies, and we have little expectation of being in safety even there."

Mrs. Hart spoke to the same effect, but expressed a hope that the enmity of the heathens might abate, or that friends might arrive who would turn them from their purpose.

Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of affairs, Mr. and Mrs. Hart attended zealously to their missionary duties. Mr. Hart not only preached the gospel, but held a school for men and boys, whom he instructed in various branches of knowledge, while Mrs. Hart taught the women and girls and young children. Mr. Hart also instructed them in several mechanical arts, and showed them improved methods of cultivating the ground.

With their assistance he had built the house he inhabited, and had manufactured most of the furniture it contained, as also the school-house and chapel, and many of the natives had erected neat cottages after the same model. Indeed, the whole place already wore an air of civilisation and comfort, which contrasted greatly with the heathen portion of the island.

The missionary and his wife were employed from morning till night among their converts, and much of the time spent in their own house was devoted to study. They enjoyed, indeed, none of that luxurious ease which some people in England suppose falls to the lot of missionaries in the sunny isles of the Pacific, but,

harassed by numerous cares and anxieties, their days were spent in toil, while they knew that their lives were in constant danger.

As soon as Harry and old Tom were able to move about, they begged that Mr. Hart would allow them to assist him in his labours. Harry would gladly have tried to teach the natives, but his ignorance of their language prevented him being of use in that way. They both, however, could carpenter and dig, and accordingly helped in fitting up the school-house, which had just been erected.

Dickey was soon able to join them. Two days afterwards the three men had sufficiently recovered to take their share of the work.

Again a rumour reached the settlement that the heathens were about to attack it.

"I'll tell you what, Harry," said old Tom, when they happened to be alone together. "There is one thing we ought to do, and that is to get the boat ready for use. I don't fancy Mr. and Mrs. Hart hiding away in the mountains. They are pretty sure to be starved to death, if the savages don't get hold of them, which I fear it is very likely they will do. And as to fighting to defend them, though we should be ready enough to risk our lives, yet as we have no arms we cannot hope to succeed. If we had had half a dozen muskets we might have thrown up a fortification and defended our friends, but without them the naked savages are our superiors when it comes to fighting; besides, Mr. Hart does not wish to fight."

"He is, I suspect, right on that point," said Harry. "He wishes to show the savages that the religion of the gospel is one of love and mercy and longsuffering; and musket bullets, even if we had arms, would not contribute to do that. I agree with you, however, that the sooner we can get the boat ready the better."

Old Tom on this called the other men, and they all set to work to prepare the boat for sea. Harry also informed the missionary and his wife of their intentions, and urged Mrs. Hart to get ready such a stock of provisions as she could collect.

"For your sakes I will do so," she answered; "but if my husband still thinks it right that we should remain, I cannot try to persuade him to fly. We ought to stop and share the lot of the poor converts."

"You would, I think, by remaining, only increase their danger," observed Harry. "They might, if alone, escape to the mountains and hide themselves; but if they have you to attend to, they would run a much greater risk of being discovered. Whereas if you accompany us, and our lives are preserved, you may return when the rage of the heathens is abated, and re-establish the mission."

These arguments seemed to have considerable effect on Mrs. Hart, and Harry hoped that she and her husband would no longer hesitate to embark, should the heathens seriously threaten to attack the station.

Things, however, went on much as usual for

several days. The boat was made ready for sea, while as much water and provisions as she could carry were prepared to be put on board at a moment's notice.


The three men had by this time grown weary of the monotonous life they were compelled to live at the station, and, notwithstanding the dangers they had gone through, they were anxious again to be off in search of some other island, where they could live at their ease among the natives, without running the risk of being murdered, as they were assured they would be should they wander away among the heathens. Old Tom and the two boys did their best to persuade them to remain contentedly where they were ; but, from some remarks overheard by Bass, Harry was afraid that they contemplated running off with the boat, should they be detained much longer.

"If they make the attempt they will lose their lives to a certainty," observed old Tom, when Harry told him. "But I think better of them. We will make them understand that we remain for the sake of the poor lady and gentleman who have left their home in England to try and benefit the ignorant savages, and that while they are in danger we should be cowards to desert them."

The men acknowledged, when Tom spoke to them, that he was right, and promised to remain contentedly to assist the missionary and his wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATTACK AND FLIGHT.

LD Tom and the three men had built a hut for themselves at a short distance from the missionary's house, that they might not incommode him and his wife. He, however, kindly insisted that the two lads should continue their guests.

The more Harry saw of Mr. Hart, the more anxious he became to assist him, and in order to do so he commenced studying the language of the natives.

"I wonder you take so much trouble, Harry," observed his companion Bass; "it seems to me like labour lost, when we may at any moment be compelled to run away."

"But I hope, if we do, we shall be able to return," said Harry. "I think, of all the works in which man can engage, that of converting the heathen, and instructing them in the truths of the gospel, is the first and noblest. I would rather be employed in it than in any other. We look with respect on a man who has saved the life of a fellow-creature; but surely, as the soul is of infinitely more value than the body, it must be infinitely more noble to be the means of saving souls. If it were not for my mother and sister, I would rather remain out here and labour with Mr. Hart than return home. But still I feel that it is my first duty to try

and go back to England, that I may comfort my mother and sister, should, as I fear is the case, the *Steadfast* and all hands have been lost."

"Each man to his task," answered Dickey ; "but I should have thought that you, who have a good chance of some day getting the command of a ship, would have preferred remaining at sea, even should the *Steadfast* be lost."

"I have not given up all hopes of her even yet," answered Harry ; "though I cannot account for her not coming to look for us."

Harry was soon able to speak a few words to the natives, and, as they were anxious to learn English, they took pains to teach him their own tongue in return for the instruction he gave them, and he and they were thus able to understand each other on ordinary subjects.

Rumours that the heathens were meditating an attack again reached the station. A large body of savages had been seen on the hills a short distance off flourishing their weapons, and making fierce and threatening gestures. Perhaps they had been deterred from their purpose by the arrival of the boat, and, believing that all white men were possessed of fire-arms, been unwilling to encounter them. As, however, heathens were constantly coming to the village and going away again, some of them would probably report that they had seen no muskets, and that the number of white men was very small.

One evening, after prayers had been offered

up in the missionary's house, and old Tom and his companions had returned to their hut, just as Harry and Bass were about to go to bed, a knocking was heard at the door. Harry opened it, when a native appeared, and, in an agitated voice, told them that a friend who still lived among the heathens had just stolen into the village with the intelligence that a large band of savages, led on by one of their priests, was approaching at a rapid rate, having vowed to destroy all the Christians before the morning.

Harry at once told Mrs. Hart, who was at first inclined to believe that it was only another false report, such as had often before reached them. The native, however, was positive that his friend was not mistaken, and declared that if their dear missionary and his wife would not fly, he and the other converts would carry them off by force to the mountains. Harry proposed that scouts should be sent out to ascertain the fact, and entreated Mr. and Mrs. Hart to embark at once, and to wait in the boat till the return of the scouts. In the meantime he sent Bass to summon Tom and his companions. Several of the converts were ready to act as scouts, though they declared that there was no doubt of the truth of the report, and that it would be wiser to escape at once to the mountains.

The whole population now gathered round the mission-house, and urged Mr. and Mrs. Hart to go on board the boat, which had been

sent, they asserted, on purpose to preserve their lives. The missionary and his wife at length agreed to act as they were advised, though still loth to leave the converts. The people, though they knew the danger they themselves ran by remaining, would not commence their flight till they had seen their white friends, whom they hurried down to the beach, safe on board. At the same time, some of them carried the provisions which had been prepared on board, while others brought from their own stores a still further supply, and would have added more, had not old Tom assured them that the boat was already overloaded. She had just been launched into deep water, when one of the scouts came hurrying back with the intelligence that the savages were close to the village, and that there was but little time for their countrymen to make their escape. While the Christian natives hurried off in the direction of the mountains, the boat pulled away from the shore towards the passage which led into the open sea.

The night was cloudy and dark, but a strong breeze was blowing, which sent the surf high over the reef, so that the passage could easily be distinguished. Mr. Hart, even to the last, was very unwilling to desert his station, and begged old Tom to remain inside the lagoon till they could see what would happen. They were not left long in doubt, for a few minutes only had elapsed after they had quitted the beach when fearful shouts and yells rent the

air. The savages, expecting to entrap their victims, had evidently surrounded the village, and were rushing forward with the intention of putting all within it to death.

In a short time torches which they had lighted were seen flaring up, their glare being cast on the tall trees and rocks and the sides of the hills, as they rushed forward to throw them into the buildings. In a few seconds more the whole village was in a blaze, and burning furiously. The dark figures of the savages could be seen as they stood ready with uplifted weapons to strike those whom they expected to issue forth. Their rage and disappointment must have been great when no one appeared. The delay, however, it was hoped, would enable the fugitives to escape to their proposed hiding-places. As the bright light from the burning buildings shed a glare over the water, at length the savages perceived the boat, and rushed down to the beach, shouting loudly to those in her to return, some darting their spears, and others shooting arrows towards her. She was happily too far off for the weapons to reach her.

"The heathens have been allowed to triumph for a time," said Mr. Hart. "I pray that our poor converts will escape their fury. We must now trust to the protection of Him who is able to guide us over the stormy ocean to a haven of rest. His will be done."

"The sooner we are out of the reach of those savages the better, or they will be coming after us in their canoes," observed old Tom. "When

we are outside we shall be able to make sail and stand to the eastward. If the wind favours us we shall reach a Christian island in the course of a week, where we are sure to meet a hearty welcome. We have provisions enough on board to last us a month, so we need have no fear of starving, whatever happens."

This address encouraged the men, who pulled away in good spirits, Harry and Bass, who had each an oar, setting them an example. Mr. Hart offered to row.

"No, no, sir," answered old Tom. "You are not accustomed to the sort of life we shall have to lead for the next few days, and you will have enough to do to look after your poor wife. We all feel more for her than for ourselves, and will do our best to make her as comfortable as we can."

Mrs. Hart thanked old Tom, and assured him that she was resigned to whatever might happen, and felt no alarm, notwithstanding the fearful scene they had witnessed.

"The boat now reached the passage, and passing between the two walls of foam which rose up on either hand, was soon tossing on the wild sea outside. Harry, as he pulled away, had watched the shore anxiously, and was thankful to find that they were not as yet pursued. He had little doubt, however, that, as soon as the savages could reach their canoes, they would put off in chase, they not supposing that so small a boat would venture out into the open sea on so stormy a night.

"Now, lads, we will set up the mast and make sail," said old Tom, after the boat had got some distance from the reef. "You need not be alarmed, marm," he continued, addressing Mrs. Hart; "this whale-boat of ours is strong, and will go through twice as much sea as we have now."

Old Tom did not over-estimate the good qualities of the boat. Though the dark seas rose up capped with foam around her, she sprang lightly over them, guided by his experienced hands, scarcely shipping a drop of water.

Thus she went on during the night. .

When morning dawned she had run the island out of sight. As the wind had been gradually decreasing, and the sea going down, they were able to re-stow the boat.

By Harry's forethought several articles had been put on board which might conduce to Mrs. Hart's comfort. Among them was a small mattress and a tarpaulin, which had served to protect their luggage when they first landed. With this a cabin was fitted in the stern of the boat, which, though narrow and confined, afforded her the shelter she so much needed. Within, shaded from the rays of the sun, she could recline during the heat of the day, while by lifting up the edges, sufficient air was admitted. Not a murmur escaped her lips, while she warmly expressed her thanks for the attention bestowed on her.

"We should be very ungrateful, marm, if

we did not do our best to make you comfortable; for if it had not been for you and Mr. Hart, I am pretty sure none of us would have been now alive. If we had landed on any other part of the island, the savages, judging from the way they behaved last night, would have knocked us all on the head. I am sure, lads, I say what you all feel."

The men acknowledged that old Tom spoke the truth, and promised to do their best to take care of the missionary and his wife.

Mr. Hart began the day by offering up a prayer for protection, and thanking their Father in heaven for preserving their lives from the fury of the savages. Then, opening his Bible, he read several portions showing how full of loving-kindness and mercy God is; at the same time, being just, He can by no means overlook iniquity. On this account it was that He gave us the inestimable gift of His Son, the Lamb without spot or blemish, to die instead of sinful man. And He requires now that men should believe that Christ thus died for their sakes, that His blood atones for all their sins, that God receives them, rebels though they have hitherto been, as His dear children, and makes them holy by His own good Spirit, fitted to enter the glorious heaven which He has prepared for all those who love Him.

Again and again, with earnest prayer that they might receive it, Mr. Hart impressed these truths on his hearers. They had heard them before; but their minds were so dull, and

their hearts so hard even now, that but slight impression appeared to have been made on them. Young Bass alone at length murmured, "I do believe, and desire to give my heart to Jesus; pray for me, Mr. Hart, for I am afraid if I were to get back among careless companions, that I should again become as they are."

"From that God will assuredly guard you, my young friend, if you earnestly seek for His guidance; and our prayers, as well as yours, will be heard at the throne of grace."

Day after day went by, the boat making but slow progress, for it was an almost perfect calm; and, though the oars were got out, and kept going, the men either could not, or would not, make much exertion in rowing. Mr. Hart, and Harry and Bass, and old Tom, took their turns at the oars, and endeavoured to encourage the men. Still no land appeared in sight. The men grumbled, and declared that they would rather have a gale than this long continuance of calm.

"Let us rather be thankful, my friends, for the fine weather; and, though our voyage is prolonged, we may still hope to reach a haven of safety," observed Mr. Hart.

The gale the men were wishing for came, however, with more fury than they desired. Once more the boat was tossing on the foaming waves, when the sea, breaking over her, washed away a portion of their provisions, and compelled them to be constantly bailing to keep

her afloat. She was driven, too, far out of her course, and often it seemed as if she could not live amid the raging seas which rose up around her. Old Tom, however, sat at the helm, calm and undismayed, steering with his accustomed skill. All knew well that their lives depended, under Providence, on him.

Still the tempest was increasing. In spite of the admirable way old Tom managed the boat, another sea broke on board, washing out of her more of the provisions, and almost carrying away one of the men as he lay asleep in the bows. He was caught by the man next to him, and hauled in, and all hands had instantly to set to work to bail out the water.

“It looks to me as if this hurricane was never going to cease!” cried the chief grumbler of the party. “We might as well have stopped and fought the savages, and if they had killed us there would have been an end of it.”

“My friend, God will cause the hurricane to cease when He thinks fit,” said Mr. Hart, solemnly. “Be thankful rather that you are yet alive, and that the day of grace still lasts. You had not then accepted Christ, and heaven would never have been your home. Have you done so now? God is still willing to receive you; and He shows it by having preserved you hitherto from the perils by which we have been surrounded.”

“You are right, sir,” answered the man, at length touched; “I am an ungrateful fellow,

God be merciful to me a sinner! I will never complain again."

"God is always merciful, my friend; He has offered you the means by which you may be saved. He has not thought fit to establish any other means, or opened up any other way by which you can enter heaven but that one single way, and He says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Believe, my dear friend; think how precious your soul is. Remember the thief on the cross; and if, like him, you can truly say, 'I believe,' should the boat be overwhelmed the next minute, you will be where he is, with Jesus in heaven."

The storm at length ceased, and the sorely battered boat was left floating calmly on the water; but nearly all the provisions were gone, two of the oars had been washed overboard, and there was a leak in her side which it was found impossible altogether to stop, while the crew were well-nigh worn out.

Mr. Hart sat with his beloved wife in his arms, feeling that it might be God's will that they should not again see land. They were prepared for whatever He might decree, and they felt more for their two young companions, and for Harry's mother and sister, of whom he had been speaking to them, than for themselves. As they gazed at the haggard faces of the two boys and the old man, it seemed to them that before long one or the other would be called away.

CHAPTER IX.

SAVED AND WRECKED.

WELL might the unhappy fugitives have despaired. The larger portion of their provisions had been washed overboard ; the remainder were almost exhausted ; their boat was battered and leaky, the seamen were apparently dying, and unable to determine in what direction to seek for land. For weeks they might sail on and not find it. Still the missionary and his companions placed their trust in Him who is able to save them.

A light breeze once more sent the boat through the water. They were gliding on when Harry observed that old Tom's eye was intently gazing towards the south-west, yet he did not speak. Harry looked in the same direction.

"What do you see, lad?" asked old Tom.

Harry rubbed his eyes.

"Yes, it is. A sail! a sail!" he exclaimed.

"I thought so, but feared that my hopes might have deceived me," said old Tom. "She is standing this way, and is close-hauled."

The boat was steered so as to intercept the stranger. Harry kept his gaze fixed on her. She was evidently a whaler.

"Can she be the *Steadfast*?" exclaimed Dickey, who was also earnestly looking at her.

"I was in hopes that she might be," exclaimed Harry.

"The *Steadfast* would be deeper in the water, and has a new cloth on her foretopsail, and that ship has not," observed old Tom.

"We should be thankful, whatever she is," said Mr. Hart. "Let us return thanks to God for sending her to rescue us."

The men roused up on hearing that a ship was approaching, and managed even to get their oars out to pull alongside her.

As they drew near they saw clearly that she was not the *Steadfast*.

The stranger hove to. A person, whom they supposed to be the captain, asked whence they had come and what they wanted.

"We are escaping from savages, and entreat you to receive us on board, for we are almost starved," answered Mr. Hart.

"You may come on deck, then," said the captain; but that was more than any one in the boat unassisted could do. Even old Tom, the strongest of the party, could not manage to clamber up the side. A ladder was therefore let down, and two seamen descending carried up Mrs. Hart and then her husband. The boys followed, old Tom being the last to leave the boat, which was then hoisted up, but almost fell to pieces in the operation.

"You people have had a narrow escape," observed the captain, as he examined the boat. "You and your wife can have a cabin, though I am not fond of missionaries, I tell you," he

observed, turning to Mr. Hart. "The rest can manage to shift for'ard among the men."

"I shall be grateful for any accommodation you will afford my wife and me," said Mr. Hart. "You see how much she requires attention;" and he pointed to his wife, who was seated on a hencoop almost fainting. "I would ask you, too, to allow those two young gentlemen to live in the cabin; one is a captain's son, the other an apprentice."

"Oh, they can shift for themselves well enough forward," answered the captain, gruffly. "We are bound for the Sandwich Islands, which I hope to make in the course of a couple of weeks, and we shall then part company, as you will then be able to find a vessel to carry you wherever you may wish to go. I cannot undertake charge of you for a longer time."

"All I can say is that we shall be grateful to you for preserving our lives; for I believe, humanly speaking, we should have perished before many days had elapsed," said Mr. Hart. "I do not at present see how we can repay you, but if I have the power be assured I will gladly do so."

The crew, though rough in appearance and rough spoken, paid every attention in their power to old Tom and his companions, and put them into their berths, where they all in a few minutes fell fast asleep.

Next day Harry and Bass, having somewhat recovered, crawled on deck. They learned that the ship was the *Swordfish*; that Captain

Boucher, the master, was an odd-tempered man, and that, as she had been out more than a year and caught but few whales, and had of late had nothing but ill-luck, he was in an especial bad humour. The captain was walking up and down, abusing the officers, who behaved in the same way towards the men, while the latter growled in return and performed their work in a sulky way.

Harry was afraid that poor Mr. and Mrs. Hart would be neglected, and, waiting till the captain was quiet, humbly asked leave to be allowed to go down and pay them a visit.

"What do you want with them?" asked the captain.

"They are my friends," said Harry, "and I wish to see if they require anything."

"If you go below you shall wait upon them and on me too, youngster. My cabin-boy fell overboard the other day, and I want another."

"While I remain on board I will do as you wish," answered Harry, glad to have the means of being of service to his friends.

He found them in a small cabin—poor Mrs. Hart still very weak and ill, and Mr. Hart seated by her side, though much requiring rest himself.

One of the men who had taken in the captain's breakfast had brought them some, but they had received no other attention, while they had heard the captain abusing missionaries as a useless, idle set who never did any good.

Harry set about the duty he had under-

taken with alacrity, though for some days he had great difficulty in moving about. He said nothing when the captain abused him as an idle young dog, but did his best to do as he was required. He spread the table as he had seen it arranged on board the *Steadfast*, and tried to keep the cabin in good order. He was constant in his attendance on Mr. and Mrs. Hart, though he had often a difficulty in obtaining proper food for them from the cook.

Dickey was anxious to assist him, and proposed to ask the captain's leave.

"I am sure he would not grant it," said Harry; "he would only say that one boy is more than enough, and that we should be playing tricks together."

Harry could not help acknowledging that he had an uncomfortable life of it; but he willingly bore all the captain's abuse for the sake of his friends, and his chief consolation was to remain in their cabin and to listen to Mr. Hart's conversation. The captain, however, who at length one day found he was there, ordered him on deck.

"What are you and that man plotting about?" he asked, abusing him as an idle young dog. "I'll give you work to do;" and Harry was sent to assist Bass in blacking down the rigging.

After that the captain kept him constantly employed in the dirtiest work about the ship.

Harry bore this treatment without murmuring.

"I only wish that the voyage was over," he remarked to Bass. "Still, whatever he does, we should be thankful to him for saving our lives."

"I am not so certain that he will let us go free, even when we reach the Sandwich Islands," answered Bass. "The men say he will swear we are apprentices, and keep us on board."

"Don't let him suppose that you think so. If we have our wits about us we may make our escape," said Harry.

Day after day the wind continued light, and the voyage was prolonged. The captain treated the boys in the same tyrannical way as at first. Harry could only exchange a few words with his friends when he took them their meals; he was thankful that the captain had not deprived him of the opportunity of doing so.

"It is our duty, my dear Harry, to bear with ill-treatment," observed Mr. Hart. "It is hard to do so, but let us pray for grace, and we shall not seek it in vain."

At length the Island of Oahu, in which the capital Honolulu is situated, was sighted. As the ship approached the harbour, and Harry and Bass were congratulating themselves that their emancipation drew near, the captain ordered them to go down into the cabin. When there they found themselves suddenly seized by two of the mates, who thrust them into a small side cabin.

“You will remain there ; and take care that you make no noise,” said one of the mates. “When we are at sea again you will be let out.”

The poor boys expostulated in vain. The door was locked upon them, and they were left in almost total darkness.

“I told you so,” said Bass. “I was sure he meant us mischief.”

“I am very sure that Mr. Hart will make every effort to obtain our release,” observed Harry. “So will old Tom ; and I should think the captain would scarcely venture to detain him.”

In a short time they heard the anchor let go, and they knew that the ship had entered the harbour. They waited in the hope that Mr. Hart would discover where they were and come at least to speak to them, but night came on and they were left alone. They had to coil themselves up and go to sleep.

Next morning the first mate opened the door and put in some breakfast, saying that it would be worse for them if they made any noise.

Several days passed by and they were thus kept in durance. They heard at different times voices in the cabin ; but not knowing who the speakers were, they were afraid of crying out. At last they knew by the movements of the ship that she was once more under way ; and shortly afterwards the mate came to the door and told them that they might go on deck to attend to their duty. Greatly to their satisfaction, they saw

old Tom. He made a sign to them not to speak to him and turned away.

They waited till it was dark. He then came up to them as they were standing together.

"I discovered that the captain had shut you up," he said; "and I did all I could to get him to allow you to go on shore, but he said that he had a right to detain you, and I of course would not leave the ship without you. We must therefore watch for an opportunity of getting on shore at some place where English authority is established, and we can make complaints of the way you have been treated."

"I would rather land among savages than remain on board," said Harry.

"And so would I," exclaimed Bass. "And if you will come with us we will try to escape at the first place we touch at."

"We must learn what sort of a place it is first," said old Tom, "or we may be worse off than we are on board."

"We will talk about that by-and-by," said Harry. "I am very anxious to know what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Hart."

"I am thankful to say they are among friends," answered old Tom. "Missionaries have been for some time settled in these islands, and the king and a considerable number of his people have become Christians. Mr. Hart did not forget you either, and he came on board to try and learn what had become of you. The captain must have deceived him, and persuaded him that you were no longer in

the ship. He was coming off again just as we were getting under way, and the captain would not then allow him to come up the side."

"I am thankful, at all events, to hear that our friends are safe," said Harry; "and we must try to make the best of it."

"That's a wise resolution, Harry," said Tom. "Even though the captain should continue to ill-treat you, behave as you have hitherto done, and even his hard heart may be softened. However, we must not be found talking together, so now go and turn into your berths, and try and get a better night's rest than you could have had in that close cabin."

Harry and Bass followed old Tom's advice; and next morning when they came on deck they found that the ship was off the magnificent coast of the large island of Hawaii, with the two lofty mountains, Mouna Kea and Mouna Roa, rising far off.

The weather looked threatening, and in a short time a heavy gale began to blow. The wind increased in fury till it became a perfect hurricane. The sails were closely reefed. The captain endeavoured to beat out to sea, as there was no port under his lee into which he could run. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to keep off the land, the ship drove closer and closer to it. A terrific line of breakers could be seen dashing on the shore. Should the ship be driven among them, her destruction would be certain; and there was little hope of an anchor

holding to save her from her impending fate. To avoid this, sail was kept on the ship, though, under any other circumstances, with an open sea before her, she would have been running under bare poles.

Harry and Bass were standing together.

"What do you think of it, 'Tom?" asked Harry, as the old man came up to them.

"Badly enough, as far as this world is concerned," answered old Tom. "Happy are those who are prepared to enter another world, as I know you are, and I hope Mr. Bass is too. He who died for us is ready to welcome us there, if we are trusting to Him alone down here, and not to our own strength and doings, however good our fellow-men may think us. That's my comfort, whatever happens, though for your sakes, and that of the poor fellows aboard, I pray we may escape. I cannot say, however, that I see much prospect of it. If the worst comes, do you boys stick by me, and I will do my best to save your lives."

The ship drifted nearer and nearer the shore. The captain and mates, hardy and bold as they were, looked pale and anxious, now gazing up at the bending masts, now at the shore under their lee.

"If we get a slant of wind we may do it yet," said the captain.

"But if not?" observed the first mate.

"We must let go our anchors, and cut away the masts. There is nothing else to be done," was the answer

The hoped-for change of wind did not come.

"Let go the best bower," shouted the captain. "Stand by with the axes."

The order was obeyed. The ship for a moment rode head to wind. At the same instant the men, with gleaming axes in their hands, were seen cutting away at the masts.

Tom led his young friends under shelter of the poop deck.

Down came the masts with a crash. Not a hundred fathoms astern the sea in wild masses was breaking furiously. The next instant the anchor parted; another was let go, but it scarcely held for a moment; and then the ship drove broadside into the midst of the wild, raging tumult of waters. Now she rose for a moment on the summit of a huge wave, now borne onwards she sank into a hollow between the waves. The next sea swept her decks, carrying many of the hapless crew overboard, and washing away the caboose and a large portion of the bulwarks.

By Tom's advice Harry and Bass clung to a stanchion near which they had taken their post. Tom held on to another near them.

Another sea struck the devoted ship, and threw her with tremendous force on the coral rocks, crushing in her bottom and sides. Others of the crew were carried off as the seas continued to strike her. Now portions of her bows, now the remainder of her bulwarks, were swept away, while on each occasion the fearful crashing and rending of timbers showed that she was rapidly breaking up.

"What had we best do?" asked Bass.

"Hold on to the last," answered Harry; "perhaps the gale may abate, and we may yet reach the shore."

There seemed, however, but little hope of their doing this. Every instant larger portions of the wreck were carried away. It was evident that in a short time she would break up completely. Tom handed to each of the boys a length of rope.

"Make yourselves fast to any piece of timber you can get hold of," he said; "it will give you the best chance of safety."

Few of the people had by this time escaped, and every sea which broke over the wreck carried one or more away.

At length another tremendous sea came rolling towards them. A fearful crash followed. Harry and Bass found themselves floating together amid the boiling waters, with pieces of wreck tossed to and fro near them, a blow from which would have proved fatal, but not one struck them. Not far off they caught sight of Tom clinging to a portion of the poop deck. A sea carried them towards him. He hauled them up, and they made themselves fast to some ring-bolts. Though the seas washed over them, and they felt as if the breath would be knocked out of their bodies, they were not carried off; and they found that their raft was being driven rapidly towards the shore, now scarcely a quarter of a mile from them. Every instant they expected the raft to be turned over and

over, but it floated as before, and, now lifted high on the summit of a breaker, and now sunk down into the hollow of the sea, went on and on till they felt it ground on the beach.

Tom told them to cast themselves adrift, when, seizing each by the arm, he dragged them forward, and in another instant they were on dry ground.

“Praise God for His mercy! We are safe!” cried Tom. “But now, boys, let us see if we can help any of our shipmates.”

They looked along the beach on either hand, but for some minutes they could discover no one.

“There is a man!” at length cried Tom. “I caught sight of his head and hand among the foam.”

They ran in the direction Tom pointed, waiting anxiously, in the hope of dragging the man out of the surf as it broke on the shore. Tom rushed in and seized him, as for an instant he was thrown on the beach, or the receding waves would have carried him back. The boys assisted Tom. They recognised the features of the captain, but the hue of death was on his face. His arms fell down as they placed him on the ground.

“He has gone!” cried Tom.

They did what they could to revive him, but life was extinct.

Two other bodies were washed up, but not a human being besides themselves reached the shore alive. They looked around them. The

whole bay into which they had been thrown presented a scene of barren wildness and grandeur. A valley opened up from it, and in the distance rose the summit of a lofty volcano, the stream of lava from which had caused the desolation they saw around.

"I am glad we have got ashore alive; but I am afraid we shall die of hunger if we cannot manage to get out of this soon," said Bass.

"He who brought us on shore will take care of us," observed Tom. "But we must do our best. The sooner we set off to look for some natives the better."

"If there are any Christians about here, we are sure, if we can find them, to be treated kindly."

Having examined the coast as far as they could see on either hand, they agreed to move to the east, in which direction some green shrubs and trees were distinguishable. As they all felt weak and exhausted, there was no time to be lost.

"Won't it be well to get hold of something to defend ourselves if we are attacked?" said Bass. "I should like to have a club to fight with."

"It would be no use, Mr. Bass," answered Tom. "We must try to make friends with the natives; I have no fear about the matter."

"Nor have I," said Harry.

Tom and the two boys made their way along the shore. Sometimes they had to climb over

rocks, sometimes to wade through black sand. At length they reached a firmer beach, and got on better than at first.

The day was wearing on. They had had nothing to eat or drink since the previous evening. They all felt faint and hungry.

At length they caught sight of a stream of sparkling water trickling down the rocks. How eagerly they drank of it! It revived them, and they pushed on. They were anxious to fall in with natives before dark who might give them food and shelter.

The appearance of the country rapidly improved. At last, after climbing some rocks, they found themselves looking down into a beautiful bay, on the shore of which a number of women and girls were collected, who, from the way they were employed in combing their dark hair or dressing their heads with flowers, had apparently just come out of the water.

On seeing the three strangers several of the girls shrieked out. Among them was a tall, dignified-looking person, who, on observing Tom and the boys approaching, rose from the ground on which she had been seated and advanced towards them. To their surprise, she addressed them in broken English.

“Who you? where you come from?” she asked.

Tom replied that they were English, and had escaped from their ship, which had been wrecked some way along the coast.

“And, please, marm,” he added, “we are

very hungry, especially these two boys, and shall be thankful if you will give us some food as soon as possible."

"We are not more hungry than he is," said Harry; "but he always thinks more of us than of himself."

The lady smiled and made signs to them to accompany her, evidently understanding what they said, though she herself had soon apparently exhausted her stock of English words. She led the way, followed by her maidens.

Climbing the rocks, which were easily surmounted, they found themselves in a level country with trees growing luxuriantly, while plantations of various descriptions were seen in every direction. At a little distance was a cottage, which, though built after the native fashion, was of considerable size.

"There is my house," said the lady, pointing to it. "You welcome food, plenty sleep till to-morrow, and praise Jehovah."

"What! marm, if I may make so bold to ask, are you a Christian?" exclaimed Tom.

The lady nodded and smiled.

"You Christian too, I hope?" she said.

"That I am, marm, and so are these boys," answered Tom.

"I told you all would be right, Harry," he added. "You see we could not have fallen into better hands."

On reaching the house, the girls, by the directions of their mistress, hurried to prepare food, and several dishes of fish and fruits were

soon placed on mats on the floor. Before bidding her guests to eat, the lady, who had been sitting, rose and said a grace in her own language, adding a few words of English. Tom and the boys uttered "Amen," at which she seemed pleased, and she then served each of them with her own hands.

As soon as she saw that her guests had eaten enough, she assembled her family and attendants, who seated themselves before her; she read to them the Bible in her own language, and then offered up a prayer. After this, she leading, the rest joined in singing a hymn, the tune of which Tom recognised, though the words were strange to him. The evening's devotions being thus concluded, she led them to a part of the house screened off by mats, and bidding them enter, pointed to three beds, also covered with matting, which her maidens had in the meantime prepared for them.

Their clothes had been thoroughly dried during their journey. She showed that she had thought of their comfort by presenting each of them with some cotton garments, and making them understand that their own clothes, saturated with the salt water, should be washed and ready for them the next day.

"We have indeed fallen into good hands, as you say, Mr. Hayes," observed Harry, after they had all three knelt down and said their prayers.

"No doubt about that," answered old Tom. "We shall find that a missionary has been

here ; and I hope by his means to gain tidings of our friends and be able to rejoin them."

With this pleasant thought they lay down to rest. Harry hoped not only to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hart again, but to be able to find a ship returning to England. He longed once more to be with his dear mother and sister, and to comfort them in their affliction.

CHAPTER X.

KAPOIOLANI.

AFTER a long sleep, produced by weariness, Tom and the two boys dressed, and made their appearance before their hostess. They found an ample meal provided for them. She told them that her name was Kapoiolani, that she was the wife of one of the chief men of the island, who had gone away on a preaching tour with the missionary by whose means she and her husband had been taught the truth, and begged Tom and the boys to remain till their return. This they were very glad to do, as they still felt weary, and Bass complained of aches in all his limbs.

At every hour of the day people were coming in to receive instructions from Kapoiolani, who was evidently better acquainted with the truths of Christianity than her neighbours. She had

for some time accepted the gospel, and showed the deepest earnestness and zeal in making it known to others.

“If people at home, who profess to be true Christians, were as anxious as this lady is to teach others, there would not be so many poor men and women who sink into their graves without ever having heard of the love of Christ for sinners,” observed old Tom. “She puts many civilised people to shame.”

“But in England there are regular ministers to do that sort of work,” observed Harry.

“Every one who loves Christ is a regular minister, to my mind,” answered Tom; “and is bound, when he can find the opportunity, to tell others that Christ died for them, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin.”

“I hope that I may be able to find opportunities when I get home; though I don’t think I shall be able to preach,” said Harry.

“You must make opportunities,” answered Tom. “You can preach in your life and daily conversation, in gently speaking a word to those among whom you mix. Souls are won to Christ as much by that as by preachers in their pulpits; and the only object of preaching is to win souls.”

Two days passed by, when the chief, Kapoio-lani’s husband, returned, saying that the missionary had gone on with some other friend to a distant part of the island.

Naihi, the chief, seemed as zealous and earnest as his wife; and as he spoke more English than

she could, he was able to give his guests a considerable amount of information about the island. He told them that the larger portion of the inhabitants were still heathens, and worshippers of their great goddess, Pêle, whose abode, he said, they supposed was in the lofty volcano.

"There is need without delay to preach the gospel to them, for our people are rapidly passing away; and unless we hasten they may sink into their graves still ignorant heathens as they now are," he observed, in a solemn and sad tone.

Naihi, after remaining at home two days, again set off to join his friend the missionary.

Tom and the boys wished to accompany him, but he advised them to remain with his wife, telling them that the journey was fatiguing; and as they could not speak the language of the people, they could be of no use, whereas if they remained with Kapoiolani, they might assist her in acquiring a knowledge of English, which she was anxious to do, so that she might read books in that language. Harry was her chief instructor; and never was there a more attentive pupil. He was surprised at the rapidity with which she learned to read.

Some time had thus been spent, when there was a commotion in the village, and it was announced that a person of importance was approaching, no less than the high-priestess of Pêle, if not Pêle herself, as the heathen inhabitants asserted.

“She is an impostor, and I will prove her to be so!” exclaimed Kapoiolani, when she heard of it; and, attended by a band of Christians, she went out to meet the priestess.

A woman appeared descending from the hills, dressed in a fantastic way, with her robes scorched and partially consumed by fire. She was followed by a band of women and girls, dressed in the same manner. As she drew near, she shouted with a loud voice that she was come to warn the followers of the new faith to be prepared for the fearful punishment she was about to inflict on them for deserting their ancient gods.

“You are but a miserable woman, and a wretched impostor!” answered Kapoiolani, in an authoritative tone. “The worshippers of Jehovah are not to be frightened by your foolish threats.”

On hearing this the pretended Pêle became very indignant, and, drawing a document written on native cloth from her bosom, declared that it would prove her authority.

“It will prove that you yourself cannot write, but some one else has assisted you in your imposture, and that is all it will prove, foolish woman!” exclaimed Kapoiolani. “I have a book which announces that there are many false gods, among whom is the one you serve, but that there is only one true God, Jehovah, whom I serve. Let me advise you to throw away your idols, and to turn to Him. I know Pêle can do me no harm, because Pêle

does not really exist, and to prove it I intend to ascend the mountain where you say she resides, and to eat the berries which you hold sacred to her, that when I come back, as I know I shall do, uninjured, my people may see their folly and turn to the true God. I advise you in the meantime to give up your follies, and to labour industriously for your support."

The pretended priestess and her followers appeared very indignant at this; but when Kapoiolani offered them food they gladly partook of it, the priestess of Pêle herself joining in the feast. Kapoiolani pointed her out to her people, remarking, "If she were a goddess she would not require food; but see, she eats as greedily as any one."

The next morning Kapoiolani, who had long resolved to visit the volcano Kilauea, the supposed abode of Pêle, was ready to set out. She sent word to her husband and the missionary of her intention, saying that it was necessary to do so at once, in order to convince the people of the imposture of the pretended priestess, and that they might understand that Jehovah was the only true God.

With this laudable object in view, she was ready to undergo the fatigue of the journey. She did not object to old Tom and the two boys attending her.

"My people," she said, "believe that any strangers approaching the crater will meet with certain destruction; your going will more easily convince them of their folly."

Kapoiolani performed her journey on foot, as there were at that time no horses in the island, and she objected to be carried by her people. She was attended by a number of persons, with baskets of provisions, who were to proceed to the foot of the mountain, while she, with a select band, proposed mounting to the summit.

The country through which they passed was wild and savage in the extreme. In some places they had to penetrate through thick woods, in others over wide fields of lava.

After many days' journey the base of the mountain was reached. Resting for the night, the next morning at daybreak Kapoiolani and her attendants, aided by long poles, commenced the ascent. Some carried provisions and others materials for building a hut for the accommodation of the chieftainess.

It was past noon before the edge of the crater was reached, near which grew the bushes bearing the supposed sacred berries. It seemed surprising that any vegetation could be produced on such a spot.

They now stood on the edge of a vast basin upwards of seven miles in circuit and nearly a thousand feet deep. At the bottom was a level floor two miles in length, in the centre of which was a vast lake of liquid lava, out of which rose numerous cones sending forth jets of smoke.

Harry had not imagined the existence of so wild and terrible a scene, and he was not surprised that the ignorant inhabitants should

have believed it the abode of a goddess delighting in fire and heat.

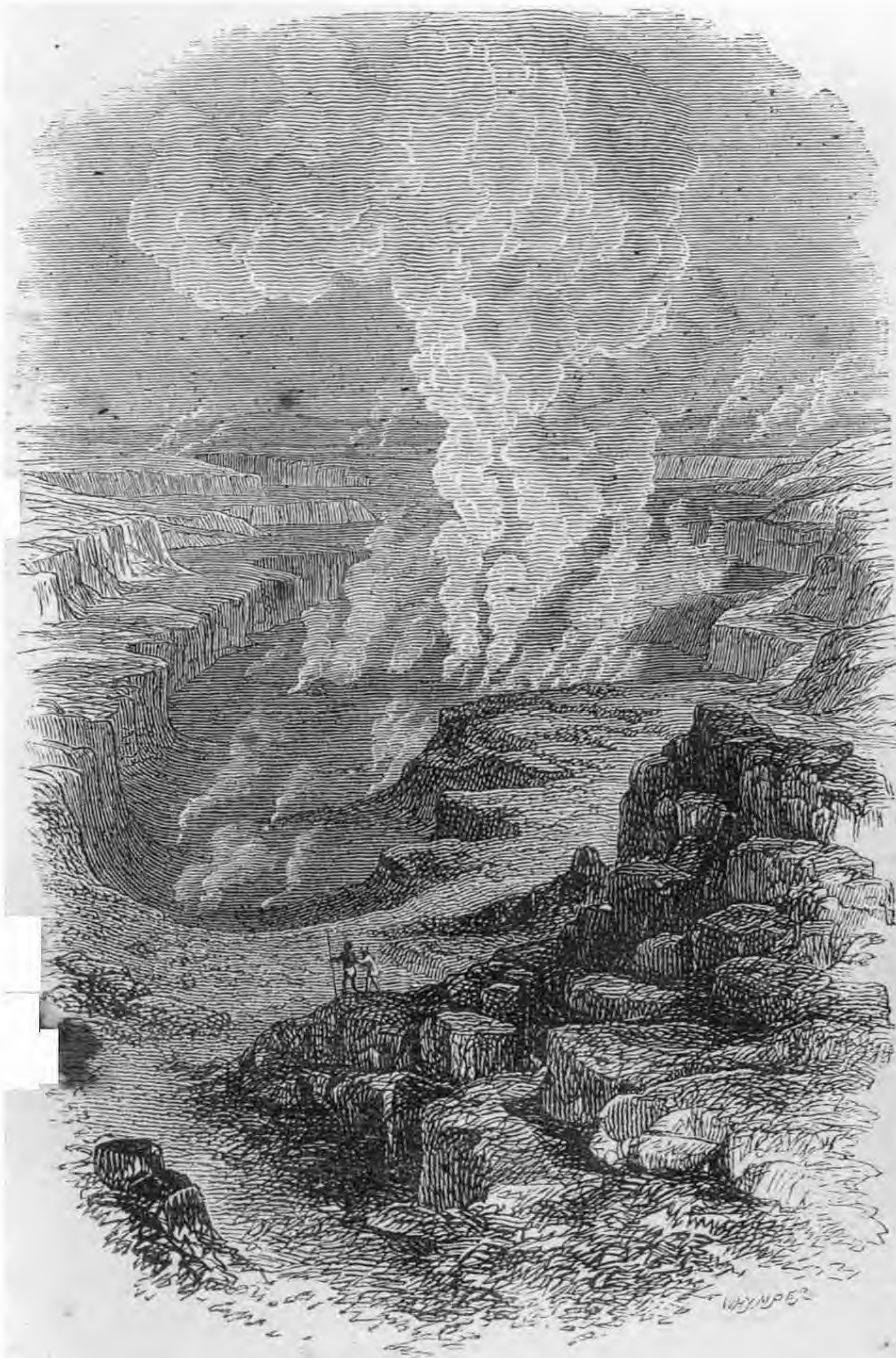
Kapoiolani told him that at times the lake which they saw below them rose up high above the cones, filling the whole space within a hundred feet of the edge with a sea of liquid lava, and that it occasionally burst its way through the edges, carrying destruction in its course, towards the ocean, while at other times new cones arose in the side of the mountain, through which the lava burst its way, flowing down in all directions.

Having plucked some of the berries, Kapoiolani ate them, and desired her attendants to do the same.

"Now watch the lake!" she exclaimed, extending her hand towards it. "Does it rise because we few poor mortals have eaten the fruit which God allows to grow here? No!" she said, lifting her hand, and pointing towards heaven. "He who lives there, the great Jehovah, has ordained that these things should be, for a wise purpose. There is no such person as Pêle, whom, in their ignorance, our fathers have worshipped. You now understand, my friends, that we have nothing therefore to fear."

While some of her attendants were building the hut, Kapoiolani, with old Tom and the boys, and a few other persons, descended the side of the crater, where it sloped sufficiently to enable them to make their way.

The scene around was wild and sombre in the extreme. Mighty cliffs of jet black rock



CRATER OF KILAUEA.

were on every side, with the lake of shining lava below them, though relieved by the blue sky overhead, to which Kapoiolani looked up and pointed.

“There!” she said, “above us is the glorious heaven, which is to be the future home of believers; below, the dark pit, the dwelling-place of those who reject the Lord of light and love.”

On regaining the edge of the crater, they saw several persons approaching, among whom, to Kapoiolani’s great satisfaction, was the missionary, accompanied by her husband.

The people who followed her, as soon as they saw them, set up a loud shout of joy; for many of them till then had fully believed that their chieftainess would have been destroyed by the vengeance of Pêle.

The missionary now offered up a prayer, and having addressed the people, a hymn was sung.

The party remained on the summit of the mountain during the night. The early portion of it was passed by Tom and the boys seated round the fire with the missionary, who told them that they would find little difficulty in returning to Honolulu, where they would soon, probably, find a ship sailing for England.

While they were speaking they were aroused by a brighter light than usual, and on going to the edge of the crater they perceived that the numerous cones in the centre were now in violent action, some emitting flame, which darted upwards to a height of fifty and a hundred feet, while boiling lava flowed down

the sides of others into the lake, out of which they arose like so many islands.

Kapoiolani came out of the hut to witness the scene. She remained calm as before, and quieted the fears of her attendants by observing,—

"I know in whom I trust. Even should the lava continue flowing, many days must elapse before the crater is full, and long before it is so we shall be in safety. Pêle has nothing to do with it."

Having watched the eruption for some time, Kapoiolani and her female attendants returned to their hut, while the rest of the party gathered round their camp fires to spend the remainder of the night.

After breakfast, having plucked more of the berries and again descended the crater, they proceeded down the mountain.

On reaching the camp where the chief body of her attendants had remained, she addressed them, and urged them from henceforth to dismiss all thoughts of the pretended Pêle, and other false deities, from their minds, and to trust alone to Jehovah, the only true God, and His Son Jesus Christ, whom He had sent into the world to die instead of them, and to reconcile them, His outcast children, to Himself. With one voice the people shouted out, "There is no such being as Pêle; Jehovah is the only true God; we will serve Him!"

The news of the pious and heroic Kapoiolani's visit to the mountain of Pêle was carried through

the island; and the people from henceforth acknowledged that they had been foolishly frightened by believing in a being who had no existence, and were everywhere ready to listen to the addresses either of the missionaries or of their own chiefs who had turned from idols.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in the Sandwich Islands the chiefs set the example of overturning their idols, and were generally the first to accept the truth.

After visiting several places on the coast, Kapoiolani and her attendants, accompanied by Tom and the boys, returned to her village.

CHAPTER XI.

HAPPY RE-UNIONS.

SEVERAL weeks passed away, and no vessel appeared in which the voyagers could obtain a passage to Honolulu. They were rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the language of the island, and Harry and Tom employed much of their time in instructing the natives. Bass did not make so much progress as the rest, and began to grow very weary of the life he led.

“The truth is, Dickey,” observed Harry to him one day, “your heart is not in the matter. I wish to reach home, I confess; but if it were not for the dear ones there, I should be content

to labour on as I am now doing. I never find the day too long."

"I wish I were like you," said Bass; "but I cannot bring myself to care about the people."

"My dear Dickey," said Harry, "you must pray for grace, then, to do what you know to be right. Think of the great value of human souls, and of the inestimable price which was paid that they might enjoy the happiness of heaven, and then you will become more anxious to win them."

Bass tried to do as his friend advised, and in a short time he was almost as eager as Harry to instruct the natives, and found himself rapidly acquiring their language to enable him to do so.

One day Tom and the two boys set off to visit a village at some distance along the coast. After going some way they saw, by the appearance of the sky, that a storm was threatening, but they hoped to reach their destination before it broke. It came on, however, more rapidly than they had expected.

As they doubled a headland they caught sight of a ship close in with the land, in nearly the same dangerous position that the *Swordfish* had been. Tom stopped and looked at her.

"She appears to be a whaler, and pretty full," observed Harry.

"A whaler she is; there is no doubt about that," answered Tom. "Just do you scan her narrowly, and tell me if you have ever seen a ship like her."

“What!” exclaimed Harry, shading his eyes, and gazing at her earnestly. “Do you really think she is the *Steadfast*? She is wonderfully like her, as far as I can judge at this distance.”

“I know every yard in her canvas, and the *Steadfast* she is, I am nearly as certain as that we three stand here!” said old Tom, his voice showing the unusual agitation he felt.

“If she is not, she is very like her,” observed Bass.

“Oh, she is—I am certain that she is the *Steadfast*!” cried Harry. “But I wish she were farther off the coast, or she may be driven on the rocks and lost after all.”

“There is a deep bay two miles on,” said Tom, “with a good entrance. It must be down on the chart, and it’s my belief the ship is standing for it. If the wind holds as it is now she will be safe.”

“I pray that the wind will hold, then!” cried Harry. “Oh, my dear father! I little thought to see him again, and Mr. Champion, and the rest. I cannot believe that they will be lost, now that we are about to meet them.”

“God knows what is best—you must always remember that, Harry,” observed Tom. “It is our business, however, to pray for them. If He thinks fit He will grant our prayers; and even though He does not as we may wish, we must not doubt His justice and mercy.”

Right earnestly Tom and his young companions, as they knelt on the ground, offered up their prayers for the safety of the ship, and

then hurried on towards the harbour of which Tom had spoken.

The wind continued increasing. They saw first one sail and then another furled till the ship stood on under close-reefed topsails. They hurried forward, every now and then getting a glimpse of her as they reached some elevation overlooking the sea.

They met several natives, who seemed to sympathise in their anxiety, and accompanied them towards the harbour.

The ship heeled over to the blast. Still her canvas stood. Every moment, however, they expected to see it blown from the bolt-ropes.

At last they were obliged to leave the coast to reach the shore of the harbour, and now came the most anxious time of all, when they could not watch the progress of the ship. Hurrying on, they arrived at length at a point of land which projected out into the harbour, and made their way over the rough rocks towards the end.

"There she is! there she is!" shouted Harry, as at that moment he caught sight of the ship, with her yards squared away, running into the harbour.

The natives, who had accompanied them, got a canoe ready, and Tom and the boys jumping into her, their friends paddled away to show the stranger the best spot for anchoring. Their signals were understood by those on board, and the sails being quickly furled and the anchor let go, she rode in safety.

“Harry,” exclaimed old Tom, “there is no doubt about her being the *Steadfast*. I caught sight of Mr. Champion on the forecastle, with many another well-known face, though I don’t think any one recognised us. Let me go up the side first, and learn if it is all well with your father, and if so tell him that you are safe. You know we must always be ready to say ‘God’s will be done,’ and you must be prepared for whatever He has ordered.”

“Do as you think best, Tom,” answered Harry. “I am sure that is right.”

Tom climbed up the side. Directly after reaching the deck he stepped back and beckoned to the boys. They quickly climbed up after him. Harry caught sight of his father talking to Tom. In another instant he was in Captain Graybrook’s arms. Bass, also, was warmly welcomed. Mr. Champion shortly afterwards came aft, and the three castaways were soon surrounded by the remainder of the officers and crew.

They had much to recount to each other. Harry, as clearly as he could, told his father all that had happened to them.

“We have indeed mourned for you and your companions, Harry, as lost,” said Captain Graybrook. “The ship was almost knocked to pieces, and after striking on a reef and having our sails blown to ribbons, we drove, with a fearful leak, hardly able to keep the ship afloat, many hundred leagues to the southward. At last, mercifully preserved, we

were able to get safely into a harbour in one of the Samoan islands. As soon as the ship was repaired we made sail to the northward to look for you. On reaching the island off which your boat had last been seen, we searched every part of the coast, and went up the only harbour in it, where we hoped that you might have taken shelter, but finding no traces of you, we at length gave you up for lost.

"I believe I should have died of grief, but my friend Champion afforded me comfort from a source of which, till then, I was ignorant. He told me of the love of Jesus, and that he felt sure that you had accepted the offers of salvation, and if it had been God's will to take you to Himself, that you were safe with Him in heaven, where you were free from all the troubles and trials of life, and that I might look forward to the certainty of meeting you there, with your dear mother and sister, if I, too, would yield my stubborn heart to Him. My friend spoke faithfully and firmly, and at length, by grace, through faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, I became reconciled to that loving God, and assured that He orders all things for the best.

"We have lately been very successful in fishing, and, having got a full ship, were about to return home, but, requiring fresh provisions, I determined to touch at the Sandwich Islands for the sake of obtaining them, little dreaming of the surprise in store for me.

"When writing to your poor mother I had

not the heart to tell her that I had given up all hope of finding you, though it was necessary to prepare her for the worst, and I have told her of your boat being driven away from the ship. I have dreaded the time when I must tell her the sad news that you were, as I supposed, lost to us. What joy it will be to take you back with me, and to set the minds of your dear mother and sister at rest about your safety !”

What Harry said in return need not be repeated. He told his father, however, that he was anxious, before returning home, to let Mr. and Mrs. Hart know of his and Tom’s and Bass’s safety, and to thank Kapoiolani and her husband for their kindness.

As the gale threatened to keep the ship in harbour for some days, Tom offered to go back with a message to their native friends, and set off immediately.

As a sufficient supply of provisions, and especially certain stores, could best be obtained at Honolulu, Captain Graybrook, greatly to Harry’s satisfaction, had determined to touch there before commencing the homeward voyage.

Two days afterwards several canoes were seen coming off to the ship. In one of them were Kapoiolani and Naiha.

They came, they said, to beg that the captain would bear a message to the missionary, Mr. Hart, and his wife, requesting that they would come and reside with them, that they might in-

struct their people in the gospel. A house should be built for them, and a church and schools, and they should be amply provided with food and all things they might require.

"We have wealth in abundance," observed Kapoiolani, "and we cannot employ that wealth so well as in supporting those who are working to make known the truth to our perishing fellow-countrymen."

Captain Graybrook gladly undertook to carry the message, promising, if possible, to bring Mr. and Mrs. Hart to the island.

On reaching Honolulu, which the *Steadfast* did in a few days afterwards, Harry was delighted to find that his friends were willing to accept the invitation; and the stores and provisions being soon obtained, the ship returned with them on board to Hawaii.

On landing at Kapoiolani's village, Mr. and Mrs. Hart found that a house was already prepared for their reception, and that a church was commenced.

Old Tom said that he felt very much inclined to remain with them; but the ship was short-handed.

"It's my duty to stay on board; there is no doubt about that," he observed; "and I am sure that a man does no good when he deserts his first duty for the sake of doing anything else, however right that may be."

Although several natives had been engaged, the addition of the two lads and Tom to the strength of the crew was very welcome.

Harry and his companion, having bidden farewell to the Christian chief and his wife, and their many other friends, prepared to embark. Mr. Hart accompanied them to the beach.

“My dear Harry,” he said, “I trust that, when far away from this place, you will not forget the long-benighted savages inhabiting the numberless islands of the vast Pacific. You will have many opportunities of telling people at home of their condition, and perhaps may be the means of inducing some fitted for the task to come out and labour in the glorious work of making known the gospel.”

“Indeed I will, Mr. Hart,” answered Harry; “and, if my father will permit me, I will return here as soon as possible myself. I love a sea life, but would thankfully employ myself, when I possess more knowledge, in spreading the gospel among the islanders.”

“You may possibly combine both objects,” answered Mr. Hart. “Missionary ships to convey missionaries from place to place, and to visit them as often as practicable, are much required, and it is most important that they should be officered by Christian men; and you may be doing good service if you obtain a berth on board one, and ultimately be able to take the command.”

“That is exactly what I feel I ought to do,” said Harry, as he pressed his friend’s hand; “I will pray that I may be directed aright in the matter.”

Away the *Steadfast* sailed on her homeward voyage. Harry, to his great satisfaction, soon found that Mr. Champion had resolved to try to induce his friends at home, or one of the missionary societies, to send out a mission ship, of which he purposed offering to take the command.

"And I will go with you as mate," exclaimed Harry. "That will indeed be delightful, and I am sure my father will agree to it; and, from what he has said to me lately, I do not think he intends to come to sea again."

On speaking to his father, Harry found that he was right in his conjecture.

"I had, however, intended giving the command of the *Steadfast* to Champion, as I have long known he wishes to make your sister Hannah his wife; and allowing her to accompany him, with you as his second mate, as I feel sure she and the ship will be well taken care of. However, though there is no doubt that Champion would make a much better income in command of the *Steadfast* than as captain of a mission ship, yet I will not thwart his views, if he resolves to do as you tell me he wishes."

Frequently during the voyage the subject was discussed; and though formerly Captain Graybrook would have thought his young mate mad to entertain such a notion, he now cordially entered into his views, and it was settled that Hannah should decide what was to be done.

At length the *Steadfast*, freighted with the richest cargo Captain Graybrook had ever brought into port, was safely at anchor. As soon as he could leave the ship, accompanied by Harry, he hastened home.

The deep anxiety Mrs. Graybrook and Hannah long had felt was set at rest.

Mr. Champion, directly his duties allowed him, joined them. Hannah discovered the all-important change which had taken place in his mind. She no longer hesitated to promise him her hand.

He told her of the heathen state of the people inhabiting the countless isles of the Pacific, of the earnest wish he entertained of being instrumental in carrying the gospel among them, of the offer her father had made to him of the command of the *Steadfast*, and of his own wish to command a missionary ship, or to engage still more directly in the glorious work by going out as a minister of the gospel.

"I believe that you may be as usefully employed in following your profession as in the latter work, but on whichever you decide I am ready to accompany you," was Hannah's answer.

As no missionary vessel was ready, Leonard Champion, soon after his marriage, took command of the *Steadfast*, and, accompanied by his wife, with Harry and Dickey Bass as his mates, and Tom Hayes as boatswain, made two voyages to the Pacific; and while acting as the father of his crew, and bringing many to

a knowledge of the truth, he was the means, by touching whenever he could at missionary stations, of rendering much assistance to those engaged in the most glorious of enterprises; while, by the example he and his crew set, and by the efforts he made at every heathen place at which he touched, he gained the goodwill of the inhabitants, and disposed them to think favourably of Christianity.

At length, having given up the *Steadfast*, he obtained the command of a mission ship, though he had in the meantime succeeded to a good property; and conveyed many missionaries to the stations to which they were appointed.

On the death of Captain and Mrs. Graybrook, he and his wife settled in one of the larger islands of the Pacific, where, with Harry and Bass, who shortly afterwards joined them, they have laboured faithfully on till they have seen most of the inhabitants converted to the truth.

Old Tom resided with them, labouring devotedly to the last, till he was called away to hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."